FLOWRES OF SION:

BY

WILLIAM DRVMMOND

of Hawthorne-denne.

TO WHICH IS ADJOYNED HIS

CYPRESSE GROVE.

Printed at *Eden-Bourgh*, by the Heires of ANDRO HART. Anno 1630.

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FLOVVRES OF SION:

OR

SPIRITVALL POEMES,

BY W. D.

TRiumphant Arches, Statues crown'd with Bayes,
Proude Obeliskes, Tombes of the vaſteſt frame,
Coloſſes, braſen *Atlaſes* of Fame,
Phanes vainelie builded to vaine Idoles praiſe;
States, which vnſatiate Mindes in blood doe raiſe,
From the Croſſe-ſtarres vnto the Articke Teame,
Alas! and what wee write to keepe our Name,
Like Spiders Caules are made the ſport of Dayes:
All onely conſtant is in conſtant Change,
What done is, is vndone, and when vndone,
Into ſome other figure doeth it range;
Thus moues the reſtleſſe World beneath the Moone:
Wherefore (my Minde) aboue Time, Motion, Place,
Thee raiſe, and Steppes, not reach'd by Nature trace:

A Good that neuer ſatisfies the Minde,
A Beautie fading like the Aprile flowres,
A Sweete with floodes of Gall that runnes combind,
A Pleaſure paſſing ere in thought made ours,
A Honour that more fickle is than winde,
A Glorie at Opinions frowne that lowres,
A Treaſurie which Bankrout Time deuoures,
A Knowledge than graue Ignorance more blind:
A vaine Delight our equalles to command,
A Stile of greatneſſe, in effect a Dreame,
A fabulous Thought of holding Sea and Land,
A ſeruile Lot, deckt with a pompous Name,
Are the ſtrange endes wee toyle for heere below,
Till wiſeſt Death make vs our errores know:

LIfe a right ſhadow is,
For if it long appeare,
Then is it ſpent, and Deathes long Night drawes neare;
Shadowes are mouing, light,
And is there ought ſo mouing as is this?
When it is moſt in Sight,
It ſtealeſ away, and none can tell how, where,
So neere our Cradles to our Coffines are.

LOoke how the Flowre, which lingringlie doth fade,
The Mornings Darling late, the Summers Queene,
Spoyl'd of that Iuice, which kept it freſh and greene,
As high as it did raiſe, bowes low the head:
Right ſo my Life (Contentments beeing dead,
Or in their Contraries but onelie ſeene)
With ſwifter ſpeede declines than earſt it ſpred,
And (blaſted) ſcarce now ſhowes what it hath beene.
As doth the Pilgrime therefore whom the Night
By darkneſſe would impriſon on his way,
Thinke on thy Home (my Soule) and thinke aright,
Of what yet reſtes thee of Lifes waſting Day:
Thy Sunne poſtes Weſtward, paſſed is thy Morne,
And twice it is not giuen thee to bee borne.

THe wearie Mariner ſo faſt not flies
An howling Tempeſt, Harbour to attaine,
Nor Sheepheard haſtes, when frayes of Wolues ariſe,
So faſt to Fold to ſaue his bleeting Traine:
As I (wing'd with Contempt and juſt Diſdaine)
Now flie the World, and what it moſt doth prize,
And Sanctuarie ſeeke, free to remaine
From wounds of abject Times, and Enuies eyes.
Once did this World to mee ſeeme ſweete and faire,
VVhile Senſes light Mindes proſpectiue keept blind,
Now like imagin'd Landskip in the Aire,
And weeping Raine-bowes, her beſt Ioyes I finde:
Or if ought heere is had that praiſe ſhould haue,
It is a Life obſcure, and ſilent Graue.

TOo long I followed haue on fond Desire,
And too long painted on deluding Streames;
Too long refreshment sought in burning Fire,
Runne after Ioyes which to my Soule were Blames:
Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
And prou'd of Lifes delightes the last extreames,
I found all but a Rose hedg'd with a Bryer,
A nought, a thought, a show of golden Dreames.
Hence-foorth on Thee (mine onelie Good) I thinke,
For onelie Thou canst grant what I doe craue,
Thy Nailes my Pennes shall bee, thy Blood mine Inke,
Thy winding-sheete my Paper, Studie Graue:
And till that Soule from Bodie parted bee,
No hope I haue, but onelie onelie Thee.

OF this faire Volumne which wee World doe name,
If wee the sheetes and leaues could turne with care,
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
Wee cleare might read the Art and Wisedome rare?
Finde out his Power which wildest Pow'rs doth tame,
His Prouidence extending euerie-where,
His Iustice which proud Rebels doeth not spare,
In euerie Page, no, Period of the same:
But sillie vvee (like foolish Children) rest
Well pleas'd with colour'd Velame, Leaues of Gold,
Faire dangling Ribbones, leauing what is best,
On the great VVriters sense nee'r taking hold;
Or if by chance our Mindes doe muse on ought,
It is some Picture on the Margine wrought.

The

THe Griefe was common, common were the Cryes,
Teares, Sobbes, and Groanes of that afflicted Traine,
Which of Gods choſen did the Summe containe,
And Earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were Skies;
All good had left the World, each Vice did raigne,
In the moſt hideous ſhapes Hell could deuiſe,
And all degrees, and each Eſtate did ſtaine,
Nor further had to goe, whom to ſurpriſe:
The VVorld beneath the Prince of Darkneſſe lay,
In euerie Phane who had himſelfe inſtall'd,
Was ſacrifiz'd vnto, by Prayers call'd,
Reſponſes gaue, which (Fooles) they did obey:
VVhen (pittying Man) God of a Virgines wombe
Was borne, and thoſe falſe Deities ſtrooke dombe.

RVnne (Sheepheards) run where *Bethleme* bleſt appeares,
VVee bring the beſt of newes, bee not diſmay'd,
A Sauiour there is borne, more olde than yeares,
Amidſt Heauens rolling hights this Earth who ſtay'd;
In a poore Cotage Inn'd, a Virgine Maide
A weakling did him beare, who all vpbeares,
There is hee poorelie ſwadl'd, in Manger lai'd,
To whom too narrow Swadlings are our Spheares:
Runne (Sheepheards) runne, and ſolemnize his Birth,
This is that Night, no, Day growne great with Bliſſe,
In which the power of *Sathan* broken is,
In Heauen bee glorie, Peace vnto the Earth.
Thus ſinging through the Aire the Angels ſwame,
And Cope of Starres re-echoed the ſame.

O Than the faireſt Day, thrice fairer Night!
Night to beſt Dayes in which a Sunne doth riſe,
Of which that golden Eye, which cleares the Skies,
Is but a ſparkling Ray, a Shadow light:
And bleſſed yee (in ſillie Paſtors ſight)
Milde Creatures, in whoſe warme Cribe now lyes
That Heauen-ſent Yongling, holie-Maide-borne VVight,
Midſt, end, beginning of our Propheſies:
Bleſt Cotage that hath Flowres in VVinter ſpred,
Though withered bleſſed Graſſe, that hath the grace
To decke, and bee a Carpet to that Place.

Thus ſang, vnto the Soundes of oaten Reed,
Before the Babe, the Sheepheards bow'd on knees,
And Springs ranne Nectar, Honey dropt from Trees.

TO ſpread the azure Canopie of Heauen,
And make it twinkle with thoſe ſpangs of Gold,
To ſtay this weightie maſſe of Earth ſo euen,
That it ſhould all, and nought ſhould it vp-hold;
To giue ſtrange motions to the Planets ſeuen,
Or Ioue to make ſo meeke, or Mars ſo bold,
To temper what is moiſt, drie, hote, and cold,
Of all their Iarres that ſweete accords are giuen:
LORD, to thy VViſedome nought is, nor thy Might;
But that thou ſhouldſt (thy Glorie laid aſide)
Come meanelie in mortalitie to bide,
And die for thoſe deſeru'd eternallie plight,
A wonder is ſo farre aboue our wit,
That Angels ſtand amaz'd to muſe on it.

The

THe laſt and greateſt Herauld of Heauens King,
Girt with rough Skinnes, hyes to the Deſarts wilde,
Among that ſauage brood the VVoods foorth bring,
Which hee than Man more harmleſſe found and milde:
His food was Bloſſomes, and what yong doth ſpring,
VVith Honey that from virgine Hiues diſtil'd;
Parcht Bodie, hollow Eyes, ſome vncouth thing
Made him appeare, long ſince from Earth exilde.
There burſt hee foorth; All yee, whoſe Hopes relye
On GOD, vvith mee amidſt theſe Deſarts mourne,
Repent, repent, and from olde errours turne.

Who liſtned to his voyce, obey'd his crye?
Onelie the Ecchoes which hee made relent,
Rung from their Marble Caues, repent, repent.

THeſe Eyes (deare Lord) once Brandons of Deſire,
Fraile Scoutes betraying vvhat they had to keepe,
Which their owne heart, than others ſet on fire,
Their traitrous blacke before thee heere out-weepe:
Theſe Lockes, of bluſhing deedes the faire attire,
Smooth-frizled Waues, ſad Shelfes which ſhadow deepe,
Soule-ſtinging Serpents in gilt curles which creepe,
To touch thy ſacred Feete doe now aſpire.
In Seas of Care behold a ſinking Barke,
By windes of ſharpe Remorſe vnto thee driuen,
O let mee not expoſ'd be Ruines marke,
My faults confeſt (LORD) ſay they are forgiuen.
Thus ſigh'd to IESVS the Bethanian faire,
His teare-wet Feete ſtill drying with her Haire.

I Countries chang'd, new pleaſures out to finde,
But *Ah*! for pleaſure new I found new paine,
Enchanting pleaſure ſo did Reaſon blind,
That Fathers loue, and wordes I ſcorn'd as vaine:
For Tables rich, for bed, for frequent traine
Of carefull ſeruants to obſerue my Minde,
Theſe Heardes I keepe my fellowes are aſſign'd,
My Bed a Rocke is, Hearbes my Life ſuſtaine.
Now while I famine feele, feare worſer harmes,
Father and Lord I turne, thy Loue (yet great)
My faults will pardon, pitty mine eſtate.

This, where an aged Oake had ſpread its Armes,
Thought the loſt Child, while as the Heardes hee led,
Not farre off on the ackornes wilde them fed.

IF that the World doth in a maze remaine,
To heare in what a ſad deploring mood,
The Pelican powres from her breſt her Blood,
To bring to life her younglinges backe againe?
How ſhould wee wonder of that ſoueraigne Good,
Who from that Serpents ſting (that had vs ſlaine)
To ſaue our liues, ſhed his Lifes purple flood,
And turn'd in endleſſe Ioy our endleſſe Paine?
Vngratefull Soule, that charm'd with falſe Delight,
Haſt long long wandr'd in Sinnes flowrie Path,
And didſt not thinke at all, or thoughtſt not right
On this thy Pelicanes great Loue and Death,
Heere pauſe, and let (though Earth it ſcorne) Heauen ſee
Thee powre forth teares to him powr'd Blood for thee.

IF, when farre in the Eaſt yee doe behold
Foorth from his Chriſtall Bed the Sunne to riſe,
With roſie Robes and Crowne of flaming Gold?
If gazing on that Empreſſe of the Skies,
That takes ſo many Formes, and thoſe faire Brands,
Which blaze in Heauens high Vault, Nights watchfull eyes?
If Seeing how the Seas tumultuous Bands
Of bellowing Billowes haue their courſe confin'd,
How vnſuſtain'd the Earth ſtill ſteadfaſt ſtands:
Poore mortall Wights, yee e're found in your Minde
A thought, that ſome great King did ſit aboue,
Who had ſuch Lawes and Rites to them aſsign'd;
A King who fix'd the Poles made Spheares to moue,
All Wiſedome, pureneſſe, Excellence, and Might,
All Goodneſſe, Greatneſſe, Iuſtice, Beauty, Loue?
With feare and wonder hither turne your Sight,
See, ſee (alas) Him now, not in that State
Thought could fore-caſt Him into Reaſons light.
Now Eyes with teares, now Hearts with griefe make great,
Bemoane this cruell Death and dreary caſe,
If euer plaints iuſt Woe could aggrauate?
From Sinne and Hell to ſaue vs, humaine Race,
See this great King naill'd to an abiect Tree,
An obiect of reproach and ſad diſgrace.
O vnheard Pitty, Loue in ſtrange degree!
Hee his owne Life doth giue, his Blood doth ſhed,
For Wormelings baſe ſuch Excellence to ſee.
Poore Wightes, behold His Viſage pale as Lead,
His Head bow'd to His Breſt, Lockes ſadlie rent,
Like a cropt Roſe that languiſhing doth fade.

Weake Nature weepe, aſtoniſh'd World lament,
Lament, yee Windes, you Heauen that all containes,
And thou (my Soule) let nought thy Griefe relent.
Thoſe Hands, thoſe ſacred Hands which hold the raines
Of this great All, and kept from mutuall warres
The Elements, beare rent for thee their Veines:
Thoſe feete which once muſt trade on golden Starres,
For thee with nailes would bee pierc'd through and torne,
For thee Heauens King from Heauen himſelfe debarres.
This great heart-quaking Dolour waile and mourne,
Yee that long ſince Him ſaw by might of Faith,
Yee now that are, and yee yet to bee borne.
Not to behold his great Creators Death,
The Sunne from ſinfull eyes hath vail'd his light,
And faintly iourneyes vp Heauens ſaphire Path.
And, cutting from her Browes her Treſſes bright,
The Moone doth keepe her Lords ſad Obſequies,
Impearling with her Teares this Robe of Night.
All ſtaggering and lazie lowre the Skies,
The Earth and elemental Stages quake,
The long ſince dead from burſted Graues ariſe.
And can things wanting ſenſe yet ſorrow take,
And beare a Part with him who all them wrought?
And Man (though borne with cries) ſhall pitty lacke?
Thinke what had beene your ſtate, had hee not brought
To theſe ſharpe Pangs himſelfe, and priz'd ſo hie
Your Soules, that with his Life them life Hee bought.
What Woes doe you attend, if ſtill yee lie
Plung'd in your wonted ordures, wretched Brood,
Shall for your ſake againe GOD euer die?
O leaue deluding ſhewes, embrace true good,
Hee on you calles, forgoe Sinnes ſhamefull trade,
With Prayers now ſeeke Heauen, and not with Blood.

Let not the Lambes *more from their Dames bee had,*
Nor Altars bluſh for Sinne; liue euery thing,
That long time long'd-for ſacrifice is made.
All that is from you crau'd by this great King
Is to beleeue, a pure Heart Incenſe is,
What gift (alas) can wee him meaner bring?
Haſte ſinne-ſicke Soules, this ſeaſon doe not miſſe,
Now while remorſeleſſe time doth grant you ſpace,
And GOD inuites you to your only Bliſſe.
Hee who you calles will not denie you Grace,
But low-deepe burie faults, ſo yee repent,
His armes (loe) ſtretched are you to embrace.
When Dayes are done, and Lifes ſmall ſparke is ſpent,
So yee accept what freely here is giuen,
Like brood of Angels, deathleſſe, all-content,
Yee ſhall for euer liue with him in Heauen.

COme forth, come forth yee bleſt triumphing Bands,
Faire Citizens of that immortall Towne,
Come ſee that King which all this All commands,
Now (ouercharg'd with Loue) die for his owne;
Looke on thoſe Nailes which pierce his Feete and Hands,
What a ſharpe Diademe his Browes doth crowne?
Behold his pallid Face, his Eyes which ſowne,
And what a Throng of Theeues him mocking ſtands.
Come forth yee empyrean Troupes, come forth,
Preſerue this ſacred Blood that Earth adornes,
Thoſe liquid Roſes gather off his Thornes,
O! to bee loſt they bee of too much worth:
For ſtreams, Iuice, Balm they are, which quēch, kils, charms
Of GOD, Death, Hel, the wrath, the life, the harmes.

SOule, which to Hell waſt thrall,
Hee, Hee for thine offence,
Did ſuffer Death, who could not die at all.
O ſoueraigne Excellence,
O Life of all that liues,
Eternall Bounty which each good thing giues,
How could Death mount ſo hie?
No wit this hight can reach,
Faith only doth vs teach,
For vs Hee died, at all who could not dye.

LIfe to giue life depriued is of *Life*,
And Death diſplai'd hath enſigne againſt *Death*;
So violent the Rigour was of *Death*,
That nought could daunt it but the Life of *Life*:
No Power had Pow'r to thrall Lifes pow'r to *Death*,
But willingly Life hath abandon'd *Life*,
Loue gaue the wound which wrought this work of *Death*,
His Bow and Shafts were of the Tree of *Life*.
Now quakes the Author of eternall *Death*,
To finde that they whom earſt he reft of *Life*
Shall fill his Roome aboue the liſtes of *Death*:
Now all reioyce in Death who hope for *Life*.
Dead IESVS lies, who Death hath kill'd by *Death*,
His Tombe no Tombe is, but new Source of *Life*.

Riſe

RIſe from thoſe fragrant Climes thee now embrace,
Vnto this world of ours O haſte thy Race,
Faire Sunne, and though contrary-wayes all yeare
Thou hold thy courſe, now with the higheſt Spheare
Ioyne thy ſwift Wheeles, to haſten time that lowres,
And laZie Minutes turne in perfect Houres;
The Night and Death too long a league haue made,
To ſtow the world in Horrors vgly ſhade.
Shake from thy Lockes a Day with ſaffron Rayes
So faire, that it out ſhine all other dayes;
And yet doe not preſume (great Eye of light)
To be that which this Day ſhall make ſo bright:
See, an eternall Sunne haſtes to ariſe,
Not from the Eaſterne bluſhing Seas or Skies,
Or any ſtranger Worlds Heauens Concaues haue,
But from the Darkneſſe of an hollow Graue:
And this is that all-powerfull Sunne aboue,
That crownd thy Browes with Rayes, firſt made thee moue.
Lights Trumpetters, yee neede not from your Bowres
Proclaime this Day, this the angelike Powres
Haue done for you; But now an opall hew
Bepaintes Heauens Chriſtall, to the longing view
Earths late hid Colours glance, Light doth adorne
The World, and (weeping Ioy) foorth comes the Morne:
And with her, as from a Lethargicke Tranſe
Breath (com'd againe) that Bodie doth aduance,
Which two ſad Nights in rocke lay coffin'd dead,
And with an iron Guard inuironed,

Life out of Death, Light out of Darkneſſe ſprings,
From a baſe Iaile foorth comes the King of kings;
VVhat late was mortall, thrall'd to euery woe,
That lackeyes life, or vpon ſence doth grow,
Immortall is, of an eternall Stampe,
Farre brighter beaming than the morning Lampe.
So from a blacke Ecclipſe outſpeeres the Sunne:
Such [when a huge of Dayes haue on her runne,
In a farre foreſt in the pearly Eaſt,
And ſhee her ſelfe hath burnt and ſpicie Neſt]
The lonlie Bird with youthfull Pennes and Combe,
Doth ſoare from out her Cradle and her Tombe:
So a Small ſeede that in the Earth lies hidde
And dies, reuiuing burſtes her cloddie Side,
Adorn'd with yellow Lockes, of new is borne,
And doth become a Mother great with Corne;
Of Graines brings hundreths with it, which when old
Enrich the Furrowes with a Sea of Gold.
Haile holy Victor, greateſt Victor haile,
That Hell doſt ranſacke, againſt Death preuaile,
O how thou long'd for comes! with Iubeling cries,
The all-triumphing Palladines of Skies
Salute thy riſing; Earth would Ioyes no more
Beare, if thou riſing didſt them not reſtore:
A ſilly Tombe ſhould not his fleſh encloſe,
vvho did Heauens trembling Taraſſes diſpoſe:
No Monument ſhould ſuch a Iewell hold,
No Rocke, though Rubye, Diamond, and Gold.
Thou onely pittie didſt vs, humane Race,
Beſtowing on vs of thy free giuen Grace
More than wee forfaited and looſed firſt,
In Edens Rebell when wee were accurſt.
Then Earth our portion was, Earths Ioyes but giuen,

Earth and Earths Bliſſe thou haſt exchang'd with Heauen.
O what a hight of good vpon vs ſtreames
From the great ſplendor of thy Bounties Beames!
When wee deſeru'd ſhame, horrour, flames of wrath,
Thou bled our wounds, and ſuffer didſt our Death;
But Fathers Iuſtice pleaſ'd, Hell, Death o'rcome,
In triumph now thou riſeſt from thy Tombe,
With Glories which paſt Sorrowes contervaile,
Haile holy Victor, greateſt Victor haile.
Hence humble ſenſe, and hence yee Guides of ſenſe,
Wee now reach Heauen, your weake intelligence
And ſearching Pow'rs, were in a flaſh made dim,
To learne from all eternitie, that him
The Father bred, then that hee heere did come
(His Bearers Parent) in a Virgins Wombe;
But then when ſold, betray'd, ſcourg'd, crown'd vvith Thorne
Naill'd to a Tree, all breathleſſe, bloodleſſe, torne,
Entomb'd, him riſing from a Graue to finde,
Confounds your Cunning, turnes like Moles you blinde.
Death, thou that heretofore ſtill barren vvaſt,
Nay, didſt each other Birth eate vp and waſte,
Imperious, hatefull, pittileſſe, vniuſt,
Vnpartiall Equaller of all vvith duſt,
Sterne Executioner of heauenly doome,
Made fruitfull, now Lifes Mother art become,
A ſweete releife of cares, the Soule moleſt,
An Harbinger to Glory, Peace and Reſt,
Put off thy mourning Weedes, yeeld all thy Gall
To daylie ſinning Life, proud of thy fall,
Aſſemble thy Captiues; bid all haſt to riſe,
And euerie Corſe in Earth-quakes vvhere it lies,
Sound from each flowrie Graue, and rockie Iaile,
Haile holy Victor, greateſt Victor haile.

The World, that wanning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our ioyes thy Victorie,
To a yong Prime essayes to turne againe,
And as ere soyl'd with Sinne yet to remaine,
Her chilling Agues shee beginnes to misse,
All Blisse returning with the LORD *of Blisse.*
With greater light Heauens Temples opened shine,
Mornes smiling rise, Euens blushing doe decline,
Cloudes dappled glister, boisterous Windes are calme,
Soft Zephires doe the Fields with sighes embalme,
In ammell blew the Sea hath husht his Roares,
And with enamour'd Curles doth kisse the Shoares.
All-bearing Earth, like a new-married Queene,
Her Beauties hightenes, in a Gowne of Greene
Perfumes the Aire, Her Meades are wrought with Flowres,
In colours various figures, smelling powres;
Trees wanton in the Groues with leauie Locks,
Her Hilles empampred stand, the Vales, the Rockes
Ring Peales of ioy, her Floods her christall Brookes
(The Meadowes tongues) with many maz-like Crookes,
And whispering murmures, sound vnto the Maine,
That Worlds pure Age returned is againe.
The honny People leaue their golden Bowres,
And innocently pray on budding Flowres;
In gloomy Shades, pearcht on the tender Sprayes,
The painted Singers fill the Aire with Layes:
Seas, Floods, Earth, Aire, all diuerslie doe sound,
Yet all their diuerse Notes haue but one ground,
Re-ecchoed here downe from Heauens azure Vaile,
Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

O Day! on which Deathes Adamantine Chaine
The LORD *did breake, ransacking* Satans *Raigne,*
And in triumphing Pompe his Trophees rear'd,

Bee thou bleſt euer, hence-foorth ſtill endear'd
With Name of his owne Day; the Law to Grace,
Types to their Subſtance yeelde, to Thee giue place
The olde New-Moones, with all feſtiuall Dayes,
And vvhat aboue the reſt deſerueth praiſe
The reuerent Saboth; *vvhat could elſe they bee,*
Than golden Heraulds, telling vvhat by thee
Wee ſhould enjoy? Shades paſt, now ſhine thou cleare,
And hence-foorth bee thou Empreſſe of the Yeare;
This Glorie of thy Siſters ſex to winne,
From vvorke on thee, as other Dayes from ſinne,
That Man-kind ſhall forbeare, in euerie place
The Prince of Planets vvarmeth in his race;
And farre beyond his Pathes in frozen Climes:
And may thou bee ſo bleſt to out-date Times,
That vvhen Heauens Quire ſhall blaze in accents lowd,
The manie mercies of their ſoueraigne Good,
How hee on thee did ſinne, Death, Hell deſtroy,
It may bee aye the Antheme of their Ioy.

BRight Portalles of the Skie,
Emboſſ'd vvith ſparkling Starres,
Doores of Eternitie,
VVith diamantine barres,
Your Arras rich vp-hold,
Looſe all your bolts and Springs,
Ope wyde your Leaues of gold;
That in your Roofes may come the King of kings.
Scarff'd in a roſie Cloud,
Hee doth aſcend the Aire,
Straight doth the Moone him ſhrowd
With her reſplendant Haire;
The next enchriſtall'd Light
Submits to him its Beames,
And hee doth trace the hight
Of that faire Lamp which flames of beautie ſtreames.
Hee towers thoſe golden Bounds
Hee did to Sunne bequeath,
The higher wandring Rounds
Are found his Feete beneath;
The milkie-way comes neare,
Heauens Axell ſeemes to bend,
Aboue each turning Spheare
That roab'd in Glorie Heauens King may aſcend.
O Well-ſpring of this All,
Thy Fathers Image viue,
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reaſon, liue;
The Soules eternall Foode,

Earths

Earths Ioy, Delight of Heauen;
All Truth, Loue, Beautie, Good,
To Thee, *to* Thee *bee praiſes euer giuen.*
VVhat was diſmarſhall'd late
In this thy noble Frame,
And loſt the prime eſtate,
Hath *re-obtain'd the ſame,*
Is now moſt perfect ſeene;
Streames which diuerted were
(And troubled ſtrayed vncleene)
From their firſt Source, by Thee home turned are.
By *Thee that blemiſh old,*
Of Edens *leprous Prince,*
VVhich on his Race tooke hold,
And him exyl'd from thence,
Now put away is farre;
VVith *Sword, in irefull guiſe,*
No Cherub more ſhall barre
Poore man the Entries into Paradiſe.
By *Thee thoſe* Spirits *pure,*
Firſt Children of the Light,
Now fixed ſtand and ſure,
In their eternall Right;
Now *humane Companies*
Renew their ruin'd Wall,
Fall'n man as thou makſt riſe,
Thou giu'ſt to Angels that they ſhall not fall.
By *Thee that Prince of* Sinne,
That doth with miſchiefe ſwell,
Hath loſt what hee did winne,
And ſhall endungeon'd dwell;

His ſpoyles are made thy pray,
His Phanes are ſackt and torne,
His Altars raz'd away,
And vvhat ador'd vvas late, now lyes a Scorne.
Theſe Manſions pure and cleare,
Which are not made by hands,
VVhich once by him joy'd were,
And his (then not ſtain'd) Bands
(Now forefait'd, diſpoſſeſt,
And head-long from them throwne)
Shall Adams Heires make bleſt,
By Thee their great Redeemer made their owne.
O Well-ſpring of this All,
Thy Fathers Image viue,
Word, that from nought did call,
VVhat is, doth Reaſon, liue;
VVhoſe vvorke is, but to will,
Gods coeternall Sonne,
Great Baniſher of iil,
By none but Thee could theſe great Deedes bee done.
Now each etheriall Gate,
To him hath opened bin;
And glories King in ſtate,
His Pallace enters in;
Now com'd is this high Preſt,
In the moſt holie Place,
Not vvithout Blood addreſt,
VVith Glorie Heauen the Earth to crowne vvith Grace.
Starres vvhich all Eyes vvere late,
And did vvith vvonder burne,
His Name to celebrate,
In flaming Tongues them turne;
Their orbye Chriſtales moue

More actiue than before,
And entheate from aboue,
Their Soueraigne Prince laude, glorifie, adore.
The Quires of happie Soules,
Wakt with that Muſicke ſweete,
VVhoſe Deſcant Care controules,
Their Lord in Triumph meete;
The ſpotleſſe Sprightes of light,
His Trophees doe extole,
And archt in Squadrons bright,
Greet their great victor in his Capitole.
O Glorie of the Heauen,
O ſole Delight of Earth,
To Thee all power bee giuen,
Gods vncreated Birth;
Of Man-kind louer true,
Indeerer of his vvrong,
VVho doſt the vvorld renew,
Still bee thou our Saluation and our Song.
From Top of Oliuet *ſuch notes did riſe,*
VVhen mans Redeemer did tranſcend the Skies.

BEneath a ſable vaile, and Shadowes deepe,
Of Vnacceſſible and dimming light,
In Silence ebane Clouds more blacke than Night,
The *Worlds great King* his ſecrets hidde doth keepe:
Through thoſe Thicke Miſtes when any Mortall Wight
Aſpires, with halting pace, and Eyes that weepe,
To pore, and in his Miſteries to creepe,
With Thunders hee and Lightnings blaſtes their Sight.
O Sunne inviſible, that doſt abide
Within thy bright abyſmes, moſt faire, moſt darke,
Where with thy proper Rayes thou doſt thee hide;
O euer-ſhining, neuer full ſeene marke,
To guide mee in Lifes Night, thy light mee ſhow,
The more I ſearch of thee, The leſſe I know.

IF with ſuch paſſing Beautie, choiſe Delights,
The Architect of this great Round did frame
This Pallace viſible (ſhort liſtes of Fame,
And fillie Manſion but of dying Wights)
How many Wonders, what amazing Lights
Muſt that triumphing Seat of Glorie clame,
That doth tranſcend all this great Alls vaſte hights,
Of whoſe bright Sunne ours heere is but a Beame?
O bleſt abod! O happie dwelling-place!
Where viſiblie th'Inviſible doth raigne,
Bleſt People which doe ſee true Beauties Face,
With whoſe farre Dawnings ſcarce he Earth doth daigne:
All Ioy is but Annoy, all Concord Strife,
Match'd with your endleſſe Bliſſe and happie life.

Loue

LOue which is heere a Care,
That Wit and Will doth marre,
Vncertaine Truce, and a moſt certaine Warre;
A ſhrill tempeſtuous VVinde,
Which doth diſturbe the minde,
And like wilde Waues our deſignes all commoue:
Among thoſe Powres aboue,
Which ſee their Makers Face,
It a contentment is, a quiet Peace,
A Pleaſure voide of Griefe, a conſtant Reſt,
Eternall Ioy, which nothing can moleſt.

THat ſpace where raging Waues doe now diuide
From the great Continent our happie Iſle,
Was ſome-time Land, and where tall Shippes doe glide,
Once with deare Arte the crooked Plough did tyle:
Once thoſe faire Bounds ſtretcht out ſo farre and wide,
Where Townes, no, Shires enwall'd, endeare each mile,
Were all ignoble Sea, and mariſh vile,
Where *Proteus* Flockes danc'd meaſures to thee Tyde.
So Age transforming all ſtill forward runnes,
No wonder though the Earth doth change her face,
New Manners, Pleaſures new, turne with new Sunnes,
Lockes now like Gold grow to an hoarie grace;
Nay, Mindes rare ſhape doth change, that lyes deſpis'd
Which was ſo deare of late and highlie priſ'd.

THis vvorld a Hunting is,
The Pray poore Man, the Nimrod *fierce is Death,*
His ſpeedie Greizhounds are,
Luſt, ſickneſſe, Enuie, Care,
Strife that neere falles amiſſe,
VVith all thoſe ills vvhich haunt vs vvhile vvee breath.
Now, if (by chance) vvee flie
Of theſe the eager Chaſe,
Old Age vvith ſtealing Pace,
Caſtes vp his Nets, and there vvee panting die.

VVHy (worldlings) do ye truſt fraile honours dreams?
And leane to guilted Glories which decay?
Why doe yee toyle to regiſtrate your Names
On ycie Pillars, which ſoone melt away?
True Honour is not heere, that place it clames,
Where blacke-brow'd Night doth not exile the Day,
Nor no farre-ſhining Lamp diues in the Sea,
But an eternall Sunne ſpreades laſting Beames:
There it attendeth you, where ſpotleſſe Bands
Of Spirits, ſtand gazing on their Soueraigne Bliſſe,
Where yeeres not hold it in their canckring hands,
But who once noble, euer noble is.
Looke home, leſt hee your weakned Wit make thrall,
Who *Edens* fooliſh Gardner earſt made fall.

As

AS are thoſe Apples, pleaſant to the Eye,
But full of Smoke within, which vſe to grow
Neere that ſtrange Lake, where God powr'd from the Skie
Huge ſhowres of Flames, worſe flames to ouer-throw:
Such are their workes that with a glaring Show
Of humble Holineſſe, in Vertues dye,
Would colour Miſchiefe, while within they glow
With coales of Sinne, though none the Smoake deſcrie.
Ill is that Angell which earſt fell from Heauen,
But not more ill than hee, nor in worſe caſe,
Who hides a traitrous Minde with ſmiling face,
And with a Doues white feathers maſkes a Rauen:
Each Sinne ſome colour hath it to adorne,
Hypocriſie Almighty GOD doth ſcorne.

NEw doth the Sunne appeare,
The Mountaines Snowes decay,
Crown'd with fraile Flowres foorth comes the Babye yeare,
My Soule, Time poſtes away,
And thou yet in that Froſt
Which Flowre and fruit hath loſt,
As if all heere immortall were, doſt ſtay:
For ſhame thy Powers awake,
Looke to that Heauen which neuer Night makes blacke,
And there, at that immortall Sunnes bright Rayes,
Decke thee with Flowers which feare not rage of Dayes,

THrice happie hee, who by ſome ſhadie Groue,
Farre from the clamorous VVorld, doth liue his owne,
Though ſolitarie, who is not alone,
But doth conuerſe with that Eternall Loue:
O! how more ſweete is Birds harmonious Moane,
Or the hoarſe Sobbings of the widow'd Doue;
Than thoſe ſmooth whiſperings neere a Princes Throne,
VVhich Good make doubtfull doe the euill approue?
O! how more ſweet is Zephires wholeſome Breath,
And Sighes embalm'd, which new-borne Flowrs vnfold,
Than that applauſe vaine Honour doth bequeath?
How ſweete are Streames to poiſon drunke in Gold?
The World is full of Horrours, Troubles, Slights,
Woods harmeleſſe Shades haue only true Delightes.

SWeet Bird, that ſing'ſt away the early Howres,
Of Winters paſt or comming void of Care,
Well pleaſed with Delights which Preſent are,
Faire Seaſones, budding Sprayes, ſweet-ſmelling Flowers:
To Rocks, to Springs, to Rils, from leauy Bowres
Thou thy Creators Goodneſſe doſt declare,
And what deare Gifts on thee hee did not ſpare,
A Staine to humane ſence in ſinne that lowres.
What Soule can be ſo ſicke, which by thy Songs
(Attir'd in ſweetneſſe) ſweetly is not driuen
Quite to forget Earths turmoiles, ſpights, and wrongs,
And lift a reuerend Eye and Thought to Heauen?
Sweet Artleſſe Songſtarre, thou my Minde doſt raiſe
To Ayres of Spheares, yes, and to Angels Layes.

AS When it hapneth that ſome louely Towne
Vnto a barbarous Beſieger falles,
Who there by Sword and Flame himſelfe enſtalles;
And (Cruell) it in Teares and Blood doth drowne;
Her Beauty ſpoyl'd, her Citizens made Thralles,
His ſpight yet ſo cannot her all throw downe,
But that ſome Statue, Arch, Phan of renowne,
Yet lurkes vnmaym'd within her weeping walles:
So after all the Spoile, Diſgrace, and Wrake,
That Time, the World, and Death could bring combind,
Amidſt that Maſſe of Ruines they did make,
Safe and all ſcarre-leſſe yet remaines my Minde:
From this ſo high tranſcending Rapture ſpringes,
That I, all elſe defac'd, not enuie Kinges.

MOre oft than once, Death whiſper'd in mine Eare,
Graue what thou heares in Diamond and Gold,
I am that Monarch whom all Monarches feare,
Who hath in Duſt their farre-ſtretch'd Pride vproll'd.
All all is mine beneath Moones ſiluer Spheare,
And nought, ſaue Vertue, Can my power withhold:
This (not belieu'd) Experience true Thee told,
By Danger late when I to Thee came neare.
As Bugbeare then my Viſage I did ſhow,
That of my Horrours thou right Vſe mightſt make,
And a more ſacred Path of liuing take:
Now ſtill walke armed for my ruthleſſe Blow,
Truſt flattering Life no more, Redeeme Time paſt,
And Liue each Day as if it were thy Laſt.

LEt vs each day enure our ſelues to dye,
If this (and not our Feares) be truely Death;
Aboue the Circles both of Hope and Faith
With faire immortall pinniones to flie?
If this be Death our beſt Part to vntie
(By ruining the Iaile) from Luſt and Wrath,
And euery drowſie languor heere beneath,
It turning deniz'd Citizen of Skie?
To haue, more knowledge than all Bookes containe,
All Pleaſures euen ſurmounting wiſhing Powre,
The fellowſhip of Gods immortall Traine,
And theſe that Time nor force ſhall er'e deuoure?
If this be Death? what Ioy, what golden care
Of Life, can with Deaths ouglineſſe compare?

AMidſt the azure cleare
Of Iordans *ſacred Streames,*
Iordan *of* Libanon *the of-ſpring deare;*
When Zephires Flowers vncloſe,
And Sunne ſhines with new Beames,
With graue and ſtately Grace a Nimphe aroſe.
Vpon her Head ſhe ware
Of Amaranthes a Crowne,
Her left hand Palmes, her right a Brandon bare,
Vnvail'd Skinnes whiteneſſe lay,
Gold haires in Curles hang downe,

Eye,

Eyes ſparkled Ioy, more bright than Starre of Day.
The Flood a Throne her rear'd
Of Waues, moſt like that Heauen
Where beaming Starres in Glorie turne enſphear'd;
The Aire ſtood calme and cleare,
No Sigh by Windes was giuen,
Birdes left to ſing, Heards feed, her voyce to heare.
World-wandring ſorrie Wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within thoſe varying liſtes of Dayes and Nights,
Whoſe life (ere knowne amiſſe)
In glittering Griefes is ſpent,
Come learne (ſaid ſhee) what is your choiſeſt Bliſſe.
From Toyle and preſsing Cares
How yee may reſpit finde,
A Sanctuarie from Soule-thralling Snares,
A Port to harboure ſure
In ſpight of waues and winde,
Which ſhall when Times Houre-glaſſe is runne endure.
Not happie is that Life
Which yee as happie hold,
No, but a Sea of feares, a field of Strife,
Charg'd on a Throne to ſit
With Diadems of Gold,
Preſcru'd by Force, and ſtill obſeru'd by Wit:
Huge Treaſures to enioy,
Of all her Gemmes ſpoyle Inde,
All Seres *ſilke in Garments to imploy,*
Deliciouſly to feed,
The Phenix plumes to finde
To reſt vpon, or decke your purple Bed,

Fraile Beautie to abuſe,
And (*wanton* Sybarites)
On paſt or preſent touch of ſenſe to muſe;
Neuer to heare of Noiſe
But what the Eare delites,
Sweet muſicks Charmes, or charming Flatterers voice.
Nor can it Bliſſe you bring,
Hidde Natures Depthes to know,
Why Matter changeth, whence each Forme doth ſpring;
Nor that your Fame ſhould range,
And after-Worlds it blow
From Tänäis *to* Nile, *from* Nile *to* Gange.
All theſe haue not the Powre
To free the Minde *from feares,*
Nor hiddeous horror can allay one howre,
When Death in ſteele doth glance,
In Sickneſſe lurke or yeares,
And wakes the Soule from out her mortall Trance.
No, but bleſt Life is this,
With chaſte and pure deſire,
To turne vnto the Load-*ſtarre of all Bliſſe,*
On GOD the Minde to reſt,
Burnt vp with ſacred Fire,
Poſſeſsing him, to bee by him poſſeſt.
When to the baulmie Eaſt
Sunne doth his light impart,
Or When hee diueth in the lowlie VVeſt,
And rauiſheth the Day,
VVith ſpotleſſe Hands and Hart
Him chearefully to praiſe and to him pray.
To heed each action ſo,
As euer in his ſight,

More

More fearing doing ill than paſsiue woe;
Not to ſeeme other thing
Than what yee are aright,
Neuer to doe what may Repentance bring:
Not to bee blowne with Pride,
Nor mou'd at Glories breath,
Which Shadow-like on wings of Time doth glide;
So Malice to diſarme,
And conquere haſtie Wrath,
As to doe good to thoſe that Worke your harme:
To hatch no baſe Deſires
Or Gold or Land to gaine,
Well pleaſ'd with what by Vertue one acquires,
To haue the Wit and Will
Conſorting in one Straine,
Than what is good to haue no higher skill.
Neuer on Neighbours well,
With Cocatrices Eye
To looke, and make an others Heauen your Hell;
Not to be Beauties Thrall,
All fruitleſſe Loue to flie,
Yet louing ſtill a Loue tranſcending all.
A Loue which while it burnes
The Soule with faireſt Beames,
In that vncreatde Sunne the Soule it turnes,
And makes ſuch Beautie proue,
That (if Senſe ſaw her Gleames?)
All lookers on would pine and die for loue.
Who ſuch a life doth liue,
Yee happie euen may call,
Ere ruthleſſe Death a wiſhed end him giue,
More happie by his fall,

And after then when giuen,
For Humanes, Earth, enioying Angels, Heauen.
Swift is your mortall Race,
And glaſſie is the Field,
Vaſte are Deſires not limited by Grace;
Life a weake Tapper is,
Then while it light doth yeeld
Leaue flying ioyes, embrace this laſting Bliſſe.
This when the Nimph had ſaid,
Shee diu'd within the Flood,
Whoſe Face with ſmyling Curles long after ſtaid.
Then Sighes did Zephyres preſſe,
Birdes ſang from euery VVood,
And Ecchoes rang, this was true Happineſſe.

An

AN HYMNE OF THE *FAIREST FAIRE.*

I Feele my Boſome glow with wontleſſe Fires,
Rais'd from the vulgar preaſe my Mind aſpires
(Wing'd with high Thoghts) vnto his praiſe to clime,
From deepe Eternitie who call'd foorth Time;
That Eſſence which not mou'd makes each thing moue,
Vncreat'd Beautie all-creating Loue:
But by ſo great an obiect, radient light,
My Heart appall'd, enfeebled reſtes my Sight,
Thicke Cloudes benighte my labouring Ingine,
And at my high Attempts my Wits repine.
If thou in mee this ſacred Rapture wrought,
My Knowledge ſharpen, Sarcells lend my thought:
Grant mee (Times Father, world-containing King)
A Pow'r, of Thee in pow'rfull Layes to ſing,
That as thy Beautie in Earth liues, Heauen ſhines,
So it may dawne, or ſhadow in my Lines.
As farre beyond the ſtarrie walles of Heauen,
As is the loftieſt of the Planets ſeuen
Sequeſtred from this Earth, in pureſt light,
Out-ſhining ours, as ours doth ſable Night,
Thou, All-ſufficient, Omnipotent,
Thou euer-glorious, moſt excellent,

GOD various in Names, in Eſſence one,
High art enſtalled on a golden Throne,
Out-reaching Heauens wide Vaſtes, the Bounds of nought,
Tranſcending all the Circles of our Thought:
With diamantine Scepter in thy Hand,
There thou giu'ſt Lawes, and doſt this World command,
This world of Concords raiſ'd vnlikliesweete,
Which like a Ball lyes proſtrate to thy Feete.
If ſo wee may well ſay (and what wee ſay,
Heere wrapt in fleſh, led by dimme Reaſons ray,
To ſhow by earthlie Beauties which wee ſee
That ſpirituall Excellence that ſhines in Thee,
Good Lord forgiue) not farre from thy right Side,
With curled Lockes *Youth* euer doth abide;
Roſe-cheeked *Youth*, who garlanded with Flowres,
Still blooming, ceaſleſlie vnto thee powres
Immortall Nectar, in a Cuppe of Gold,
That by no darts of Ages Thou grow old,
And as ends and beginnings Thee not clame,
Succeſſionleſſe that Thou bee ſtill the ſame.
Neare to thy other ſide reſiſtleſſe *Might*,
From Head to Foote in burniſht Armour dight;
That ringes about him, with a wauing Brand,
And watchfull Eye, great Sentinell doth ſtand;
That neither Time nor force in ought impaire
Thy workmanſhippe, nor harme thine Empire faire,
Soone to giue Death to all againe that would
Sterne *Diſcord* raiſe which thou deſtroy'd of old:
Diſcord that Foe to order, Nurſe of Warre,
By which the nobleſt things dimoliſht are:
But (Catiſe) Shee no Treaſon doth deuiſe,
When *Might* to nought doth bring her enterpriſe,

Thy

Thy All-vpholding *Might* her Malice raines,
And her in Hell throwes bound in iron Chaines.
With Lockes in waues of Gold that ebbe and flow
On yuorie necke, in Robes more white than Snow,
Truth ſtedfaſtlie before thee holdes a Glaſſe,
Indent'd with Gemmes, where ſhineth all that was,
That is, or ſhall bee: heere, ere ought was wrought,
Thou knew all that thy Pow'r with Time forth-brought, knewſt
And more, Things numberleſſe which thou couldſt make,
That actuallie ſhall neuer beeing take:
Heere, thou beholdſt thy ſelfe, and (ſtrange) doſt proue,
At once the Beautie, Louer and the Loue.
With Faces two (like Siſters) ſweetlie faire,
Whoſe Bloſſomes no rough Autumne can impaire,
Stands *Prouidence*, and doth her lookes diſperſe
Through euerie Corner of this Vniuerſe:
Thy *Prouidence* at once which generall Things
And ſingulare doth rule, as Empires Kings;
Without whoſe care this world (loſt) would remaine,
As Shippe without a Maiſter in the Maine,
As Chariot alone, as Bodies proue
Depriu'd of Soules by which they bee, liue, moue.
But who are They which ſhine thy Throne ſo neare?
With ſacred countenance, and looke ſeuere,
This in one hand a pondrous Sword doth hold,
Her left ſtayes charg'd with Ballances of Gold;
That with Browes girt with Bayes, ſweete-ſmiling Face,
Doth beare a Brandon, with a babiſh grace
Two milke-white VVinges him eaſilie doe moue,
O Shee thy *Iuſtice* is, and this thy *Loue*!
By this thou brought this Engine great to light,

By that it fram'd in Number, Meaſure, Weight,
That deſtine doth reward to ill and good;
But Sway of *Iuſtice* is by *Loue* withſtood,
Which did it not relent and mildlie ſtay,
This World ere now had had its funerall Day.
What Bands (encluſtred) neare to theſe abide,
Which into vaſte *Infinitie* them hide?
Infinitie that neither doth admit,
Place, Time, nor Number to encroach on it:
Heere *Bountie* ſparkleth, heere doth *Beautie* ſhine,
Simplicitie, more white than Gelſemine,
Mercie with open wings, ay-varied *Bliſſe*,
Glorie, and *Ioy*, that *Bleſſes* darling is.
Ineffable, All-pow'rfull GOD, All-free,
Thou onelie liu'ſt, and each thing liues by Thee,
No Ioy, no, nor Perfection to Thee came
By the contriuing of this Worlds great Frame;
Ere Sunne, Moone, Starres beganne their reſtleſſe race,
Ere paint'd with purple Light was Heauens round Face,
Ere Aire had Clouds, ere Clouds weept down their ſhowrs,
Ere Sea embraced Earth, ere Earth bare Flowres,
Thou happie liu'd; World nought to Thee ſupply'd,
All in thy ſelfe thy ſelfe thou ſatisfy'd:
Of Good no ſlender Shadow doth appeare,
No age-worne tracke, in Thee which ſhin'd not cleare;
Perfections Summe, prime-cauſe of euerie Cauſe,
Midſt, end, beginning, where all good doth pauſe.
Hence of thy Subſtance, differing in nought
Thou in Eternitie thy Sonne foorth brought,
The onelie Birth of thy vnchanging Minde,
Thine Image. Paterne-like that euer ſhin'd,
Light out of Light, begotten not by VVill,

But

But Nature, all and that ſame Eſſence ſtill
VVhich thou thy ſelfe; for thou doſt nought poſſeſſe
VVhich hee hath not, in ought nor is hee leſſe
Than Thou his great Begetter; of this Light,
Eternall, double, kindled was thy Spright
Eternallie, who is with Thee the ſame,
All-holie Gift, Embaſſadour, Knot, Flame:
Moſt ſacred, Triade, O moſt holie One,
Vnprocreat'd Father, euer-procreat'd Sonne,
Ghoſt breath'd from both, you were, are, aye ſhall bee
(Moſt bleſſed) Three in One, and One in Three,
Vncomprehenſible by reachleſſe Hight,
And vnperceiued by exceſſiue Light.
So in our Soules, three and yet one are ſtill,
The Vnderſtanding, Memorie, and Will;
So (though vnlike) the Planet of the Dayes,
So ſoone as hee was made begate his Rayes,
VVhich are his Of-ſpring, and from both was hurl'd
The roſie Light which comfort doth the VVorld,
And none fore-went an other: ſo the Spring,
The Well-head, and the Streame which they foorth bring,
Are but one ſelfe-ſame Eſſence, nor in ought
Doe differ, ſaue in order, and our Thought
No Chime of time diſcernes in them to fall,
But three diſtinctlie bide one Eſſence all.
But theſe expreſſe not Thee; who can declare
Thy beeing? Men and Angels dazel'd are:
VVho force this Eden would with wit or ſence,
A Cherubin ſhall finde to barre him thence.
Alls Architect, Lord of this Uniuerſe,
VVit is ingulph'd that would thy greatneſſe pierce;
Ah! as a Pilgrime who the *Alpes* doth paſſe,

Or *Atlas* Temples crown'd vvith winters glaſſe,
The ayrie *Caucaſus*, the *Apennine*,
Pyrenès cliftes where Sunne doth neuer ſhine,
VVhen hee ſome heapes of Hilles hath ouer-went,
Beginnes to thinke on reſt, his Iourney ſpent,
Till mounting ſome tall Mountaine hee doe finde,
More hights before him than hee left behinde:
VVith halting pace, ſo vvhile I vvould mee raiſe!
To the vnbounded Circüits of thy praiſe,
Some part of way I thought to haue o're-runne,
But now I ſee how ſcarce I haue begunne,
With vvonders new my Spirits range poſſeſt,
And vvandring vvayleſſe in a maze them reſt.

In thoſe vaſte Fieldes of Light, etheriall Plaines,
Thou art attended by immortall Traines
Of Intellectuall Pow'rs, which thou brought forth
To praiſe thy Goodneſſe, and admire thy Worth;
In numbers paſſing other Creatures farre,
Since moſt in number nobleſt Creatures are,
Which doe in Knowledge vs no leſſe out-runne,
Than Moone doth Starres in light, or Moone the Sunne;
Vnlike, in Orders rang'd and manie a Band,
(If Beautie in Diſparitie doth ſtand:)
Arch-Angels, Angels, Cherubes, Seraphines,
And what with name of Thrones amongſt them ſhines,
Large-ruling Princes, Dominations, Powres,
All-acting Vertues of thoſe flaming Towres:
Theſe fred of Vmbrage, theſe of Labour free,
Reſt rauiſhed with ſtill beholding Thee,
Inflam'd with Beames which ſparkle from thy Face,
They can no more deſire, farre leſſe embrace.

Low vnder them, with ſlow and ſtaggering pace
Thy hand-Maide *Nature* thy great Steppes doth trace,

The

The Source of ſecond Cauſes, golden Chaine
That linkes this Frame, as thou it doth ordaine;
Nature gaz'd on with ſuch a curious Eye
That Earthlings oft her deem'd a Deitye.
By *Nature* led thoſe Bodies faire and greate
Which faint not in their Courſe, nor change their State,
Vnintermixt, which no diſorder proue,
Though aye and contrarie they alwayes moue;
The Organes of thy Prouidence diuine,
Bookes euer open, Signes that clearelie ſhine,
Times purpled Maskers, then doe them aduance,
As by ſweete Muſicke in a meaſur'd Dance.
Starres, Hoſte of heauen, yee Firmaments bright Flowrs,
Cleare Lampes which ouer-hang this Stage of ours,
Yee turne not there to decke the Weeds of Night,
Nor Pageant-like to pleaſe the vulgare Sight,
Great Cauſes ſure yee muſt bring great Effectes,
But who can deſcant right your graue Aſpects?
Hee onlie who You made deciphere can
Your Notes, Heauens Eyes, yee blinde the Eyes of Man.
Amidſt theſe ſaphire farre-extending Hights,
The neuer-twinkling euer-wandring Lights
Their fixed Motions keepe; one drye and cold,
Deep-leaden colour'd, ſlowlie there is roll'd,
VVith Rule and Line for times ſteppes meaſur'd euen,
In twice three Luſtres hee but turnes his Heauen.
With temperate qualities and Countenance faire,
Still mildelie ſmiling ſweetlie debonnaire,
An other cheares the World, and way doth make
In twice ſixe Autumnes through the Zodiacke.
But hote and drye with flaming lockes and Browes
Enrag'd, this in his red Pauillion glowes:

Together running with like ſpeede if ſpace,
Two equallie in hands atchieue their race;
With bluſhing Face this oft doth bring the Day,
And vſheres oft to ſtatelie Starres the way,
That various in vertue, changing, light,
With his ſmall Flame engemmes the vaile of Night.
Prince of this Court, the Sunne in triumph rides,
With the yeare Snake-like in her ſelfe that glides;
Times Diſpenſator, faire life-giuing Source,
Through Skies twelue Poſts as hee doth runne his courſe,
Heart of this All, of what is knowne to Sence
The likeſt to his Makers Excellence:
In whoſe diurnall motion doth appeare
A Shadow, no, true pourtrait of the yeare.
The Moone moues loweſt, ſiluer Sunne of Night,
Diſperſing through the World her borrow'd light,
Who in three formes her head abroad doth range,
And onelie conſtant is in conſtant Change.
Sad Queene of Silence, I neere ſee thy Face,
To waxe, or waine, or ſhine with a full grace,
But ſtraight (amaz'd) on Man I thinke, each Day
His ſtate who changeth, or if hee find Stay,
It is in drearie anguiſh, cares, and paines,
And of his Labours Death is all the Gaines.
Immortall Monarch, can ſo fond a Thought
Lodge in my breſt? as to truſt thou firſt brought
Heere in Earths ſhadie Cloiſter wretched Man,
To ſucke the Aire of woe, to ſpend Lifes ſpan
Midſt Sighes and plaints, a ſtranger vnto Mirth,
To giue himſelfe his Death rebuking Birth?
By ſenſe and wit of Creatures Made King,
By ſenſe and wit to liue their Vnderling?

And what is worſt, haue Eaglets eyes to ſee
His owne diſgrace, and know an high degree
Of Bliſſe, the Place, if thereto hee might clime,
And not liue thralled to imperious Time?
Or (dotard) ſhall I ſo from Reaſon ſwerue,
To deeme thoſe Lights which to our vſe doe ſerue,
(For thou doſt not them need) more noblie fram'd
Than vs, that know their courſe, and haue them nam'd?
No, I neere thinke but wee did them ſurpaſſe
As farre, as they doe Aſteriſmes of Glaſſe,
When thou vs made; by Treaſon high defil'd,
Thruſt from our firſt eſtate wee liue exil'd,
Wandring this Earth, which is of Death the Lot,
Where he doth vſe the Pow'r which he hath got,
Indifferent Umpire vnto Clownes and Kings,
The ſupreame Monarch of all mortall things.
When firſt this flowrie Orbe was to vs giuen,
It but in place diſualu'd was to Heauen,
Theſe Creatures which now our Soueraignes are,
And as to Rebelles doe denounce vs warre,
Then were our Uaſſalles, no tumultuous Storme,
No Thunders, Quakings, did her Forme deforme,
The Seas in tumbling Mountaines did not roare,
But like moiſt Chriſtall whiſpered on the Shoare,
No Snake did met her Meads, nor ambuſht lowre
In azure Curles beneath the ſweet-Spring Flowre;
The Nightſhade, Henbane, Naple, Aconite,
Her Bowels then not bare, with Death to ſmite
Her guiltleſſe Brood; thy Meſſengers of Grace,
As their high Rounds did haunte this lower Place:
O Ioy of Ioyes! with our firſt Parents Thou
To commune then didſt daigne, as Friends doe now:

Againſt thee wee rebell'd, and iuſtly thus,
Each Creature rebelled againſt vs,
Earth, reft of what did chiefe in her excell,
To all became a Iaile, to moſt a Hell,
In Times full Terme vntill thy Sonne was giuen,
Who Man with Thee, Earth reconcil'd with Heauen.
Whole and entire all in thy Selfe thou art,
All-where diffuſ'd, yet of this *All* no part,
For infinite, in making this faire Frame,
(Great without quantitie) in all thou came,
And filling all, how can thy State admit,
Or Place or Subſtance to be voide of it?
Were Worlds as many, as the Raies which ſtreame
From Heauens bright Eyes, or madding Wits do dreame,
They would not reele in nought, nor wandring ſtray,
But draw to Thee, who could their Centers ſtay;
Were but one houre this World diſioyn'd from Thee,
It in one houre to nought reduc'd ſhould bee,
For it thy ſhaddow is, and can they laſt,
If ſeuer'd from the Subſtances them caſt?
O only bleſt, and Author of all bliſſe,
No Bliſſe it ſelfe, that all-where wiſhed is,
Efficient, exemplarie, finall Good,
Of thine owne Selfe but onely vnderſtood;
Light is thy Curtaine, thou art Light of Light,
An euer-waking Eye ſtill ſhining bright,
In-looking all, exempt of paſsiue powre,
And change, in change ſince Deaths pale ſhade doth lowre.
All Times to thee are one, that which hath runne,
And that which is not brought yet by the Sunne,
To thee are preſent, who doſt alwayes ſee
In preſent act, what paſt is or to bee.

Day-liuers

Day-liuers wee rememberance doe loſſe
Of Ages worne, ſo Miſeries vs toſſe,
(Blinde and lethargicke of thy heauenly Grace,
Which ſinne in our firſt Parents did deface,
And euen while Embryones curſt by iuſteſt doome)
That wee neglect what gone is, or to come :
But thou in thy great Archieues ſcrolled haſt
In parts and whole, what euer yet hath paſt,
Since firſt the marble wheeles of Time were roll'd,
As euer liuing, neuer waxing old,
Still is the ſame thy Day and Yeſterday,
An vn-diuided *Now*, a conſtant *Ay*.
O King, whoſe Greatneſſe none can comprehend,
Whoſe boundleſſe Goodneſſe doth to all extend,
Light of all Beautie, Ocean without ground,
That ſtanding floweſt, giuing doſt a bound,
Rich palace, and Indweller euer bleſt,
Neuer not working euer yet in Reſt;
VVhat wit cannot conceiue, words ſay of Thee,
Heere where as in a Mirrour wee but ſee,
Shadowes of ſhadowes, Atomes of thy Might,
Still owlie eyed when ſtaring on thy Light,
Grant that releaſed from this earthly Iaile,
And fred of Clouds which heere our Knowledge vaile,
In Heauens high Temples, where thy Praiſes ring,
I may in ſweeter Notes heare Angels ſing.

GReat GOD, whom wee with humble Thoughts adore,
Eternall, infinite, Almightie King,
Whose Dwellings Heauen transcend, whose Throne before
Archangells serue, and Seraphines doe sing:
Of nought who wrought all that With wondring Eyes
Wee doe behold within this spacious Round,
Who makes the Rockes to rocke, to stand the Skies,
At whose command Clouds dreadfull Thunders sound:
Ah! spare vs Wormes, weigh not how wee (alas!)
(Euill to our selues) against thy Lawes rebell,
Wash of those Spots which still in Mindes cleare Glasse
(Though wee be loath to looke) wee see to well.
Deseru'd Reuenge, O doe not doe not take,
Doe thou reuenge what shall abide thy blow?
Passe shall this World, this World which thou didst make,
Which should not perish till thy Trumpet blow.
What Soule is found whom Parents Crime not staines?
Or what with its owne Sinne destaind is not?
Though Iustice Rigor threaten (ah) her Raines
Let Mercy guide, and neuer bee forgot.
Lesse are our Faults farre farre than is thy Loue,
O What can better seeme thy Grace diuine,
Than They that plagues deserue thy Bounty proue,
And where thou showre mayst Vengeance faire to shine:
Then looke and pittie, pittying forgiue
Vs guiltie Slaues, or Seruants, now in thrall,
Slaues, if (alas) thou looke how wee doe liue;
Or doing ill Or doing nought at all:

Of an vngratefull Minde a foule Effect!
But if thy Giftes which amplie heretofore
Thou haſt vpon vs powr'd thou doſt reſpect,
Wee are thy Seruants, nay, than Seruants more;
Thy Children, yes, and Children dearely bought,
But what ſtrange Chance vs of this Lot bereaues,
Poore worthles Wights how lowlie are wee brought,
Whom Grace made Children Sinne hath turned Slaues?
Sinne hath turn'd Slaues, but let thoſe Bands Grace breake,
That in our Wrongs thy Mercies may appeare,
Thy VViſedome not ſo meane is, Pow'r ſo weake,
But thouſand wayes they can make Worlds thee feare.
O Wiſedome boundleſſe! O miraculous Grace!
Grace, Wiſedome which make winke dimme Reaſons Eye,
And could Heauens King bring from his placeleſſe Place,
On this ignoble Stage of Care to die:
To dye our Death, and with the ſacred Streame
Of Bloud and VVater, guiſhing from his Side,
To put away each odious act and Blame,
By vs contriu'd, or our firſt Parents Pride.
Thus thy great Loue and Pitty (heauenly King)
Loue, Pitty, which ſo well our Loſſe preuent,
Of Euill it ſelfe (loe!) could all Goodneſſe bring,
And ſad Beginning cheare with glad Euent.
O Loue and Pitty! ill-knowne of theſe Times,
O Loue and Pittie! carefull of our neede,
O Bounties! VVhich our execrable Crimes
(Now numberleſſe) contend neere to excced.
Make this exceſſiue Ardour of thy Loue,
So varme our Coldneſſe, ſo our Lifes renew,
That wee from ſinne, Sinne may from vs remoue,
Wit may our will, Faith may our Wit ſubdue.

Let thy pure Loue *burne vp all worldly* Luſt,
Hells pleaſant Poiſon killing our beſt part,
VVhich *makes vs iaye in* Toyes, *adore fraile* Duſt
Inſtead of Thee, *in* Temple *of our Heart.*
Grant when at laſt our Soules theſe Bodies leaue,
Their loathſome Shops *of Sinne, and Manſions blinde,*
And Doome *before thy royall Seat receaue,*
They *may a* Sauiour, *not a Iudge thee finde.*

The

THE SHADOW OF THE IVDGEMENT.

ABoue thoſe boundleſſe Bounds where Starrs do moue,
The Seeling of the chriſtall Round aboue,
And Raine-bow-ſparkling Arch of Diamond cleare,
Which crownes the azure of each vnder Spheare,
In a rich Manſion radiant with light,
To which the Sunne is ſcarce a Taper bright,
VVhich, though a Bodie, yet ſo pure is fram'd,
That almoſt ſpirituall, it may bee nam'd;
Where Bliſſe aboundeth, and a laſting May
All Pleaſures heightning flouriſheth for ay,
The King of Ages dwells. About his Throne
(Like to thoſe Beames Days golden Lamp hath on)
Angelike Splendors glance, more ſwift than ought
Reueal'd to ſence, nay, than the winged Thought,
His will to practiſe; here doe Seraphines
Burne with immortall loue, there Cherubines
With other noble people of the Light,
As Eaglets in the Sunne, delight their Sight:
Heauens ancient Denizones, pure actiue Powres,
Which (fred of death) that Cloiſter high embowres,
Etheriall Princes, euer-conquering Bandes,
Bleſt Subjectes acting what their King commandes;

Sweet

Sweet Quiriſters, by whoſe melodious Straines
Skies dance, and Earth vntyr'd their Brawle ſuſtaines.
Mixed among whoſe ſacred legiones deare
The ſpotleſſe Soules of Humanes doe appeare,
Deueſting Bodies which did Cares deueſt,
And there liue happie in eternall Reſt.
Hither, ſure-charg'd with griefe, fraught with Annoy,
(Sad Spectacle into that place of Ioy)
Her Haire diſordered dangling o're her Face,
Which had of pallid Violets the grace,
The Crimſin Mantle wont her to adorne
Caſt looſe about, and in large peeces torne,
Sighes breathing forth, and from her heauie Eyne
Along her Cheekes diſtilling chriſtall Brine,
Which downe-wards to her yuorie Breſt was driuen,
And had bedewed the milkie-Way of Heauen,
Came *Pietie*: at her left hand neare by
A wailing Woman bare her Company,
VVhoſe tender Babes her ſnowie Necke did clip,
And now hang on her Pappe now by her Lip:
Flames glanc'd her Head aboue, which once did glow,
But late looke pale (a Poore and ruthfull Show!)
Shee ſobbing ſhrunke the Throne of God before,
And thus beganne her Caſe to him deplore.
Forlorne, wretch'd, deſolate, to whom ſhould I
My Refuge haue, below or in the Skie,
But vnto thee? ſee (all beholding King)
That Seruant, no, that Darling thou didſt bring
On Earth, loſt Man to ſaue from Hells Abiſme,
And raiſe vnto theſe Regiones aboue Tyme:
VVho made thy Name ſo truelie bee implor'd,
And by the reuerent Soule ſo long ador'd,

Her

Her baniſht now ſee from theſe lower Boundes,
Behold her Garments Shreedes her Bodies woundes:
Looke how her Siſter *Charitie* there ſtandes,
Proſcrib'd on Earth, all maim'd by wicked Handes:
Miſcheefe there mountes to ſuch an high degree,
That there, now none is left who cares for mee.
There dwelles Idolatrie, there Atheiſme raignes,
There Man in dombe, yet roaring, ſinnes him ſtaines;
So fooliſh, that hee Puppets will adore
Of Mettall, Stone, and Birds, Beaſtes, Trees, before
Hee once will to thy hollie ſeruice bow,
And yeelde the Homage: Ah alas! yee now
To thoſe black Sprightes which thou doſt keepe in chaines
Hee vowes Obedience, and with ſhamefull paines
Infernall Horroures courtes; Caſe fond and ſtrange!
To Bane than Bliſſe deſiring more the Change.
Thy *Charitie* of Graces once the Cheife,
Did long tyme find in Hoſpitalls reliefe;
Which now lye leuell'd with the loweſt Ground,
Where ſad memorialls ſcarce are of them found.
Then (Vagabounding) Temples her receau'd,
Where my Poore Cells afforded what ſhe crau'd;
But now thy Temples raz'd are, humane Blood
Thoſe Places ſtaines, late where thy Altares ſtood:
Tymes are ſo horrid, to implore thy Name,
That it is held now on the Earth a Blame.
Now doth the Warriour with his Dart and Sword
VVrite lawes in blood, and vent them for thy word;
Relligion, Faith pretending to make knowne,
All haue all Faith, Religion quite o'rthrowne.
Men awleſſe, lawleſſe liue (moſt woefull caſe)
Men, no more men, a GOD-contemning Race.

Scarce had ſhee ſaid, when from the neither World,
(Like to a Lightning through the Welken hurl'd,
That ſcores with Flames the way, and euerie eye
With Terrour dazelles as it ſwimmeth by)
Came *Iuſtice*: to whom Angels did make place,
And *Truth* her flying foote-ſteppes ſtraight did trace.
Her Sword was loſt, the precious Weights ſhee bare,
Their Beame had torne, Scales rudlie bruiſed were:
From off her head was reft her golden Crowne,
In ragges her Vaile was rent and ſtarre-ſpangl'd Gowne,
Her teare-wette Lockes hange o're her Face, which made
Betweene her and the mightie King a Shade.
Iuſt wrath had raiſ'd her colour (like the Morne
Portending Clouds moiſt Embryones to bee borne)
Of which ſhee taking leaue, with Heart ſwollen great,
Thus ſtroue to plaine before the Throne of State.

Is not the Earth thy worke-man-ſhip (great King)
Didſt Thou not all this *All* from nought once bring
To this rich Beautie which doth on it ſhine:
Beſtowing on each Creature of thine
Some Shadow of thy Bountie? Is not Man
Thy Vaſſall, plac'd to ſpend his lifes ſhort Span
To doe Thee Homage: and then didſt not Thou
A Queene inſtalle mee there, to whom ſhould bow
Thy Earths Endwellers, and to this effect
Put in my hand thy Sword? O high Neglect!
Now wretched Earthlings, to thy great diſgrace,
Peruerted haue my Pow'r, and doe deface
All reuerent trackes of Iuſtice; now the Earth,
Is but a Frame of Shame, a funerall Harth,
Where euerie Vertue hath conſumed beene,
And nought (no not their duſt) reſtes to bee ſeene,

Long

Long hath it mee abhor'd, long chaſed mee,
Expelled laſt, heere I haue fled to Thee,
And foorth-with rather would to Hell repaire,
Than Earth, ſith Iuſtice execute is there.
All liue on Earth by Spoyle, the Hoſt his Gueſt
Betrayes, the Man of her lyes in his Breſt
Is not aſſured; the Sonne the Fathers death
Attempts, and Kinred Kinred reaue of Breath
By lurking meanes, of ſuch Age few makes ſicke,
Since Hell diſgorg'd her baneful Arſenicke.
Whom Murthers, foule Aſſaſinates defile,
Moſt who the harmeleſſe Innocent beguile,
Who moſt can rauage, robe, ranſacke, blaſphame,
Is held moſt vertuous, hath a Worthies name;
So on emboldned Malice they relye,
That (madding) thy great Puiſſance they defye:
Earſt man reſembl'd thy Pourtrait ſoyl'd by Smooke,
Now like thy Creature hardlie doth hee looke.
Olde *Nature* heere (Shee pointed where there ſtood
An aged Ladie in a heauie Mood)
Doth breake her Staffe, denying humane Race
To come of Her, Things borne to her diſgrace!
The Doue the Doue, the Swan doth loue the Swan,
Nought ſo relentleſſe vnto man as Man.
O! if thou madſt this World, gouern'ſt it all,
Deſerued vengeance on the Earth let fall;
The Periode of her ſtanding perfect is,
Her Houre-glaſſe not a Minute ſhort doth miſſe.
The End (O LORD) is come, then let no more
Miſchiefe ſtill triumph, Bad the Good deuoure,
But of thy Word ſith Conſtant, true, Thou art,
Giue Good their Guerdon, wicked due Deſart.

Shee ſaid: Through out the ſhining Palace went
A Murmure ſoft, ſuch as a farre is ſent
By musked Zephires Sighes along the Maine,
Or when they curle ſome flowrie Lea and Plaine;
One was their Thought, one their Intention, Will,
Nor could they erre *Truth* there reſiding ſtill:
All (mou'd with zeale) as one with cryes did pray,
Haſten (O LORD) O haſten the laſt Day.
Looke how a generous Prince, when hee doth heare,
Some louing Citie and to him moſt deare,
Which wont with Giftes, and Showes him intertaine
(And as a Fathers did obey his Raigne)
A rout of Slaues and raſcall foes to wracke,
Her Buildings ouer-throw, her Richeſſe ſacke,
Feeles vengefull Flames within his boſome burne,
And a juſt rage all Reſpects ouer-turne:
So ſeeing Earth, of Angels once the Inne,
Manſion of Saintes, deflowred all by ſinne,
And quite confuſ'd, by wretches heere beneath,
The vvorlds great Soueraigne moued was to Wrath.
Thrice did hee rouſe himſelfe, thrice from his Face,
Flames ſparkle did throughout the heauenlie place.
The Starres, though fixed, in their Rounds did quake,
The Earth, and Earth-embracing Sea did ſhake:
Carmell and *Hæmus* felt *it*, *Athos* Topes
Affrighted ſhrunke, and neare the *Æthiopes*
Atlas, the *Pyrenèes*, the *Appennine*,
And loftie *Grampius*, which with Snow doth ſhine.
Then to the Synode of the Sprights hee ſwore,
Mans care ſhould end, and Tyme ſhould bee no more;
By his owne Selfe hee ſwore of perfect worth,
Straight to performe his word ſent Angels forth.

There

There lyes an Iſland, where the radiant Sunne,
When hee doth to the northerne Tropicke runne,
Of ſex long Monethes makes one tedious Day,
And when through ſoutherne Signes he holds his way,
Sex Monethes turneth in one loathſome Night
(Night neither heere is faire, nor Day hote-bright,
But halfe white and halfe More) where ſadlie cleare
Still coldlie glance the Beames of either Beare,
The froſtie *Groen-land*. On the lonlie Shore
The Ocean in Mountaines hoarſe doth roare,
And ouer-tumbling, tumbling ouer Rockes,
Caſtes various Raine-bowes, which in Froth he choakes:
Gulfes all about are ſhrunke moſt ſtrangelie ſteepe,
Then *Nilus* Cataractes more vaſte and deepe.
To the vvilde Land beneath to make a ſhade,
A Mountaine lifteth vp his creſted Head:
His Lockes are yce-ſheekles, his Browes are Snow,
Yet, from his burning Bowelles deepe below,
Cometes, farre-flaming Pyramides are driuen
And pitchie Meteores, to the Cope of Heauen.
No Summer heere the loulie Graſſe forth bringes,
Nor Trees, no, not the deadlie Cypreſſe ſpringes.
Caue-louing Eccho Daughter of the Aire,
By humane voyce was neuer wakned heere:
In ſtead of nights blake Birdes, and plaintfull Owle,
Infernall Furies heere doe yell and howle.
A Mouth yawnes in this Hight ſo blacke obſcure
With vapours, that no eye it can endure:
Great *Ætnas* Cauernes neuer yet did make
Such ſable dampes, though they bee hideous blacke,
Sterne Horroures heere eternallie doe dwell,
And this Gulfe deſtine for a Gate to Hell.

Forth from this place of dread (Earth to appall)
Three Furies ruſhed at the Angels call.
One with long Treſſes doth her Viſage maske,
Her Temples clouding in a horrid Caske,
Her right Hand ſwinges a Brandon in the Aire,
Which Flames and Terrour hurleth euery where;
Ponderous with Darts, her left doth beare a Shield,
Where *Gorgones* Head lookes grimme in ſable Field:
Her eyes blaze Fire and Blood, each haire ſtilles Blood,
Blood trilles from either pappe, and where ſhee ſtood
Bloods liquid Corrall ſprang her feete beneath,
Where ſhee doth ſtreach her Arme is Blood & Death.
Her ſtygian Head no ſooner ſhee vpreares,
When Earth of Swords Helmes Lances ſtraight appeares
To bee deliuered, and from out her Wombe
In Flame-wing'd Thunderes Artellerie doth come,
Floodes ſiluer ſtreames doe take a bluſhing Dye,
The Plaines with breathleſſe Bodies buried lye;
Rage, Wronge, Rapte, Sacriledge doe her attend,
Feare, Diſcorde, Wracke, & Woes which haue none end:
Towne is by Towne, and Prince by Prince with-ſtood,
Earth turnes an hideous Shambles a Lake of Blood.
The next with Eyes, ſunke hollow in her Braines,
Lane face, ſnarl'd haire, with blacke and emptie Veines,
Her dry'd-vp Bones ſcarce couered with her Skinne,
Bewraying that ſtrange ſtructure built within,
Thigh-Bellileſſe, moſt gaſtlie to the ſight,
A waſted Skeliton reſembleth right.
Where ſhee doeth roame in Aire faint doe the Birdes,
Yawne doe Earths ruthleſſe brood & harmeleſſe Heards,
The VVoods wilde Forragers doe howle and roare,
The humid Swimmers dye along the ſhoare;

In

In Townes, the liuing doe the dead vp-eate,
Then dye themſelues, Alas! and vvanting meate;
Mothers not ſpare the Birth of their owne Wombes,
But turne thoſe Neſtes of life to fatall Tombes.

Laſt did a ſaffron-colour'd Hagge come out,
With vncomb'd Haire, Browes banded all about
With duskie cloudes, in ragged Mantle cled,
Her breath with ſtinking Fumes the Aire be-ſpred,
In either Hand ſhee held a Whip, vvhoſe Wyres,
Still'd poyſon, blaz'd with phlegethontall Fyres.
(Relentleſſe) Shee each ſtate, ſex, age defiles,
Earth ſtreames with goares, burnes with inuenom'dBiles;
Where Shee repaires, Townes doe in Deſartes turne,
The liuing haue no pauſe the dead to mourne,
The friend (Ah!) dares not locke the dying Eyes
Of his belou'd, the VVyfe the Huſband flies;
Men Baſiliskes to men proue, and by Breath,
Then Lead or Steale, bring vvorſe and ſwifter Death:
No Cypreſſe, Obſequies, no Tombe they haue,
The ſad Heauen moſtlie ſerues them for a Graue.

Theſe ouer Earth tumultuouſlie doe runne,
South, North, from riſing to the ſetting Sunne;
They ſome time parte, yet than the windes more fleete,
Forth-with togethter in one place they meete.
Great *Quinzai* yee it know, *Sufanias* pride,
And you Where ſtatelie *Tibers* ſtreames doe glide,
Memphis, *Parthenopè* yee too it know,
And where *Euripus* ſeuen-folde Tyde doth flow:
Yee know it Empreſſes on *Tames*, *Roſne*, *Seine*,
And yee faire Queenes by *Tagus Danube Reine*.
Though they doe ſcoure the Earth, roame farre & large,
Not thus content the Angels leaue their Charge:

Wee of her wracke theſe ſlender Signes may name,
By greater they the Iudgement doe proclame.
This Centers Center with a mightie Blow
One bruiſeth, whoſe crackt Concaues lowder low,
And rumbel, than if all the Artellerie,
On Earth diſcharg'd at once were in the Skie;
Her Surface ſhakes, her Mountaines in the Maine
Turne topſiturnie, of Heights making plaine:
Townes them ingulfe, and late where Towres did ſtand,
Now nought remaineth but a waſte of Sand.
With turning Eddyes Seas ſinke vnder Ground,
And in their floting Depthes are Valleyes found;
Late where with foamie Creſtes waues tilted waues,
Now fiſhie Bottomes ſhine and moſſie Caues.
The Mariner, caſtes an amazed eye
On his wing'd Firres, which bedded hee findes lye,
Yet can hee ſee no Shore; but whilſt hee thinkes,
What hideous Creueſſe that hudge Current drinkes,
The Streames ruſh backe againe with ſtorming Tyde,
And now his Shippes on criſtall mountaines glyde;
Till they bee hurl'd farre beyond Seas and Hope,
And ſetle on ſome Hill or Palace Tope:
Or by triumphant Surges ouer-driuen,
Show Earth their Entrailles and their Keeles the Heauen.
Skies clowdie Tables ſome doe paint, with Fights
Of armed Squadrones, juſtling Steedes and Knights,
With ſhining Croſſes, Iudge, and ſaphire Throne;
Arraigned Criminelles to howle and groane, (ſhine,
And plaintes ſend forth are heard: New-worlds ſeene,
With other Sunnes and Moones, falſe Starres decline,
And diue in Seas; red Comets warme the Aire,
And blaze, as other Worlds were judged there.

Others

Others the heauenlie Bodies doe diſplace,
Make Sunne his Siſters ſtranger Steppes to trace;
Beyond the courſe of Spheares hee driues his Coach,
And neare the cold *Arctturus* doth approach;
The Sythian amaz'd is at ſuch Beames,
The Mauritanian to ſee ycie Streames;
The Shadow which ere-while turn'd to the Weſt,
Now wheeles about, then reeleth to thee Eaſt:
New ſtarres aboue the eight Heauen ſparkle cleare,
Mars chopes with *Saturne*, *Ioue* claimes *Marſes* ſpheare,
Shrunke nearer Earth, all blackned now and Broone,
In Maſke of weeping Clouds appeares the Moone.
There are noe Seaſons, Autumne, Summer, Spring,
Are all ſterne Winter, and no birth forth bring:
Red turnes the Skies blew Curtaine o're this Globe,
As to propine the Iudge with purple Robe.
At firſt (entraunc'd) with ſad and curious Eyes
Earths Pilgrimes ſtare on thoſe ſtrange Prodigies:
The Starre-gazer this Round findes truely moue
In partes and whole, yet by no Skill can proue
The Firmaments ſtay'd firmeneſſe. They which dreame
An euerlaſtingneſſe in worlds vaſte Frame,
Thinke well ſome Region where they dwell may wracke,
But that the whole nor Time nor Force can ſhake;
Yet (franticke) muſe to ſee Heauens ſtatly Lights,
Like Drunkards, wayleſſe reele amidſt their Heights.
Such as doe Nationes gouerne, and Command
Vaſtes of the Sea and Emperies of Land,
Repine to ſee their Countries ouer-throwne,
And find no Foe their Furie to make knowne:
Alas (ſay they) what bootes our toyles and Paines,
Of Care on earth is this the furtheſt Gaines:

No Richeſſe now can bribe our angrye Fate,
O no! to blaſte our Pride the Heauenes do threate:
In duſt now muſt our Greatneſſe buried lye,
Yet is it comfort with the VVorld to dye.
As more and more the warning Signes encreaſe,
Wild dread depriues loſt *Adames* Race of Peace;
From out their Grandame Earth They faine would flie,
But whither know not, Heauens are farre and hie;
Each would bewaile and mourne his owne Diſtreſſe,
But publicke Cryes doe priuate Teares ſuppreſſe,
Lamentes plaintes ſhreckes of woe diſturbe all Eares,
And Feare is equall to the Paine it feares.
Amidſt this Maſſe of Crueltie and Slights,
This Galley full of God-deſpiſing VVights,
This Iaile of Sinne and Shame, this filthie Stage
VVhere all act folly miſerie and rage;
Amidſt thoſe Throngs of old prepar'd for Hell,
Thoſe Numbers which no *Archimede* can tell,
A ſilly Crue did Lurke, a harmeleſſe Rout
Wandring the Earth, which God had choſen out
To liue with Him (Few Roſes which did blow
Among thoſe Weedes Earthes Garden ouer-grow;
A deaw of Gold ſtill'd on Earths ſandy Mine,
Small Diamondes in Worlds rough Rocks which ſhine)
By purple Tyrants which perſued and chaſ'd,
Liu'd Recluſes, in lonlie Illands plac'd;
Or did the Mountaines haunte, and Foreſts wild,
Which they than Townes more harmeleſſe found and mild:
Where many an Hymne they to their Makers praiſe
Teacht Groues and Rocks, which did reſound their Layes.
Nor Sword nor Famine nor Plague poiſoning Aire,
Nor Prodigies appearing euery where,

Nor

Nor all the ſad Diſorder of this *All*,
Could this ſmall handfull of the World appall;
But as the Flowre, which during winters Cold
Runnes to the Roote, and lurkes in Sap vpſtol'd,
So ſoone as the great Planet of the Yeare
Beginnes the Twinnes deare Manſion to cleare,
Liftes vp its fragrant Head, and to the Field
A Spring of Beauty and Delight doth yeeld:
So at thoſe Signes and Apparitiones ſtrange
Their thoughts lookes geſtures did beginne to change,
Ioy makes their Hands to clap, their Hearts to dance,
In Voice turnes Muſicke in their Eyes doth glance.
What can (ſay They) theſe Changes elſe portend
Of this great Frame ſaue the approaching End?
Paſt are the Signes, all is perform'd of old
Which the Almightie Heraulds vs foretold.
Heauen now no longer ſhall of Gods great Power
A turning Temple be, but fixed Tower,
Burne ſhall this mortall Maſſe amidſt the Aire,
Of diuine Iuſtice turn'd a Trophee faire;
Neare is the laſt of Dayes, whoſe light enbalmes
Paſt Griefes, and all our ſtormy Cares becalmes.
O happy Day! O chearefull holy Day!
VVhich Nights ſad Sables ſhall not take away!
Fare well Complaintes, and yee yet doubtfull Thoughts
Crown now your Hopes with comforts long time ſought
Wypt from our Eyes now ſhall be euerie Teare,
Sighes ſtopt; ſince our Saluation is ſo neare.
VVhat long wee long'd for, God at laſt hath giuen
Earths choſen Bands to ioyne with thoſe of Heauen;
Now noble Soules a Guerdon juſt ſhall finde,
And Reſt and Glorie bee in one combinde,

Now, more than in a Mirrour, by theſe Eyne
Euen Face to face our Maker ſhall be ſeene;
O Welcome VVonder of the Soule and Sight!
O Welcome Obiect of all true Delight!
Thy Triumphes and Returne wee did expect,
Of all paſt Toyles to reape the deare Effect:
Since thou art iuſt, performe thy holy Word,
O come ſtill hop'd for, come long Wiſh'd for Lord.
While thus They pray, the Heauens in Flames appeare,
As if they ſhew Fires elementall Spheare,
The Earth ſeemes in the Sunne, the Welken gone,
Wonder all huſhes; ſtraight the Aire doth grone
With Trumpets, which thrice-lowder Sounds doe yeeld
Than deafening Thunders in the airie Field.
Created Nature at the Clangor quakes,
Immur'd with Flames Earth in a Palſey Shakes,
And from her wombe the Duſt in ſeuerall Heapes
Takes life, and muſtereth into humane Shapes:
Hell burſtes, and the foule priſoners their bound
Come howling to the Day, with Serpentes crown'd.
Milliones of Angels in the loftie Hight,
Cled in pure Gold and the Electar bright,
Uſhering the way ſtill where the Iudge ſhould moue;
In radiant Raine-bowes vaulte the Skies aboue;
Which quickly open, like a Curtaine driuen,
And beaming Glorie ſhow the KING OF HEAVEN.
What Perſian Prince, Aſsirian moſt renown'd,
What Sythian with conquering Squadrones Crown'd,
Entring a breached Citie, where conſpire
Fire to drie Blood, and Blood to quench out Fire;
Where cutted Carcaſſes quicke Members reele,
And by their ruine blunte the reeking Steele,

Re-

Reſembleth now the euer-liuing King?
What Face of *Troy* which doth with yelling ring,
And grecian Flames tranſported in the aire,
VVhat dreadfull Spectacle of *Carthage* faire?
What Picture of rich *Corinthes* tragicke wracke,
Or of *Numantia* the hideous ſacke,
Or Theſe together ſhowne, the Image, Face
Can repreſent of Earth, and plaintfull caſe;
VVhich muſt lye ſmoaking in the Worlds vaſt VVombe,
And to it Selfe both fewell be and Tombe?
Neare to that ſweet and odoriferous Clime,
VVhere the all-cheering Emperour of Tyme
Makes ſpring the Caſia, Narde, and fragrant Balmes,
And euerie Hill, and Collin Crownes with Palmes;
VVhere Incenſe ſweats, where weeps the precious Mirre,
And Cedars ouer-tope the Pine and Firre;
Neare where the aged Phœnix, tyr'd of Breath
Doth build her Neſt, and takes new life in Death:
A Valley into wide and open Feildes
Farre it extendeth, * * * * * .

The reſt is deſired.

A CYPRESSE *GROVE:*

BY

W. D.

A CYPRESSE GROVE.

THOVGH it hath beene doubted, if there bee in the Soule ſuch imperious and ſuperexcellent Power, as that it can, by the vehement & earneſt working of it, deliuer knowledge to an other without bodilie Organes, and by onelie Conceptions and Ideas produce reall Effects; yet it hath beene euer, and of all, held, as infalible and moſt certaine, that it often (either by outward inſpiration or ſome ſecret motion in it ſelfe) is Augure of its owne Misfortunes, and hath ſhadowes of approaching Dangers preſented vnto it before they fall forth. Hence ſo manie ſtrange Apparitions and ſignes, true Viſions, vncouth heauineſſe, and cauſeleſſe languiſhings: Of which to ſeeke a reaſon, vnleſſe from the ſparkling of GOD in the Soule, or from the God-like ſparkles of the Soule, were to make Reaſon vnreaſonable, by reaſoning of things tranſcending her reach.

Hauing when I had giuen my ſelfe to reſt in the quiet Solitarineſſe of the Night, found often my imagination troubled with a confuſed feare, no, ſorrow or horror, which interrupting Sleepe, did aſtoniſh my Senſes, and rouſe mee, all appalled and tranſported in a ſudden Agonie and amazedneſſe; of ſuch an vnaccuſtomed Perturbation, not knowing, nor beeing able to diue into any apparent cauſe, carried away with the ſtreame of my (then doubting) Thoughts, I beganne to aſcribe it, to that ſecret fore-knowledge and preſaging power of the profeticke Minde, and to interpret ſuch an Agonie to bee to the Spirit, as a ſudden faintneſſe and vniuerſall wearineſſe vſeth to bee to the Bodie, a ſigne of following Sickneſſe, or, as Winter Lightninges, Earth-quakes, and Monſteres proue to Common-wealthes and great Cities, Herbingers of wretched euents, and Emblemes of their hidden Deſtinies.

Heerevpon, not thinking it ſtrange if whatſoeuer is humaine ſhould befall mee, knowing how Prouidence ouer-commeth Griefe, and diſcountenances Croſſes: And that as wee ſhould not deſpaire in Euills which may happen vs, wee ſhould not bee too confident, nor too much leane to thoſe goods wee enjoye, I beganne to turne ouer in my remembrance all that could afflict miſerable Mortalitie, and to fore-caſt euerie accident which could beget gloomie & ſad apprehenſions, and with a maske of horrour ſhew it ſelfe to humaine eyes. Till in the end (as by vnities & points Mathematicians are brought to great numbers, and huge greatneſſe) after manie fantaſticall glances of the woes of Mankind, and thoſe encombrances which follow vpon life, I was brought to thinke, and with amazement, on the laſt of humaine Terrors, or as

one

one tearmed it, the laſt of all dreadfull and terrible euils *Death*: For to eaſie Cenſure it would appeare, that the Soule, if it can fore-ſee that diuorcement which it is to haue from the Bodie, ſhould not without great reaſon bee thus ouer-grieued, and plunged in inconſolable and vn-accuſtumed Sorrow; conſidering their neare Vnion, long Familiaritie and Loue, with the great Change, Paine, vglineſſe, which are apprehended to bee the inſeperable attendants of Death.

They had their beeing together, partes they are of one reaſonable Creature, the harming of the one is the weakning of the working of the other; what ſweete contentments doeth the Soule enioye by the ſenſes, They are the Gates and VVindowes of its Knowledge, the Organes of its Delight? If it bee tideous to an excellent Player on the Lute to endure but a few Monethes the want of one, how much more muſt the beeing without ſuch noble Tooles and Engines bee plaintfull to the Soule? And, if two Pilgrimes, vvhich haue wandred ſome little peece of ground together, haue an hearts-griefe when they are neare to parte, what muſt the ſorrow bee at the parting of two ſo louing Friendes and neuer-loathing Louers as are the Bodie and Soule?

Death is the ſade Eſtranger of acquantance, the eternall Diuorcer of Mariage, the Rauiſher of the Children from their Parentes, the ſtealer of Parents from the Children, the Interrer of Fame, the ſole cauſe of Forgetfulneſſe, by which the liuing talke of thoſe gone away as of ſo manie Shadowes, or fabulous Paladines: all Strength by it is enfeebled, Beautie turned in deformitie and rottenneſſe, Honour in contempt, Glorie into haſeneſſe, it is the vnreaſonable breaker off of all the actions of Vertue; by

which wee enjoye no more the ſweete pleaſures on Earth, neither contemplate the ſtatelie reuolutions of the Heauens; Sunne perpetuallie ſetteth, Starres neuer riſe vnto vs; It in one moment depriueth vs of what with ſo great toyle and care in manie yeeres wee haue heaped together: By this are Succeſſions of Linages cut ſhort, Kingdomes left Heireleſſe, and greateſt States orphaned: It is not ouercome by Pride, ſmoothed by gawdie Flatterie, tamed by Intreaties, bribed by Benefites, ſoftned by Lamentations, diuerted by Time, Wiſedome, ſaue this, can alter and helpe anie thing. By Death wee are exiled from this faire Citie of the World; it is no more a World vnto vs, nor wee anie more People into it. The Ruines of Phanes, Palaces, and other magnificent Frames, yeeld a ſad Proſpect to the Soule: And how ſhould it conſider the wracke of ſuch a wonderfull Maiſter-piece as is the Bodie without Horrour?

Though it cannot well and altogether bee denyed but that Death naturallie is terrible and to bee abhorred; it beeing a Priuation of life, and a not beeing, and euerie priuation beeing abhorred of Nature and euill in it ſelfe, the feare of it too beeing ingenerate vniuerſalie in all Creatures; yet I haue often thought that euen naturallie, to a Minde by onelie Nature reſolued and prepared, it is more terrible in conceite than in veritie, and at the firſt glance than when well pryed into; and that rather by the weakneſſe of our Fantaſie, than by what is in it; and that the marble Colours of obſequies, weeping, and funerall pompe (with which wee our ſelues limne it forth) did adde much more Gaſtlineſſe vnto it than otherwayes it hath. To auerre which concluſion when I had recollected my ouer-charged ſpirits I began thus with my ſelfe.

If on

If on the great Theater of this Earth, amongſt the numberleſſe number of Men, *To die* were onelie proper to thee and thine, then vndoubtedlie thou hadſt reaſon to grudge at ſo ſeuere and partiall a Law. But ſince it is a neceſſitie, from the which neuer an Age by-paſt hath beene exempted, and vnto which theſe which bee, and ſo manie as are to come, are thralled (no conſequent of life beeing more common and familiar) why ſhouldſt thou, with vnprofitable and nothing auailing ſtubburnneſſe, oppoſe to ſo vneuitable and neceſſarie a Condition? This is the high-way of mortalitie, our generall Home: behold, what millions haue trode it before thee, what multitudes ſhall after thee, with them which at that ſame inſtant runne! in ſo vniuerſall a Calamitie (if Death be one) priuate complaints cannot bee heard: With ſo manie royall Palaces, it is ſmall loſe to ſee thy poore Caban burne. Shall the Heauens ſtay their euer-rolling Wheeles (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a ſwift & euer-whirling wheele, which twinneth forth and againe vp-windeth our life?) and hold ſtill Time, to prolong thy miſerable dayes, as if the higheſt of their working were to doe homage vnto thee? Thy Death is a peece of the order of this *All*, a part of the Life of this World; for while the world is the world, ſome creatures muſt dye, and others take life. Eternall things are raiſed farre aboue this Orbe of generation and corruption, where the firſt Matter, like a ſtill-flowing and ebbing Sea, with diuerſe Waues, but the ſame Water, keepeth a reſtleſſe and neuer-tyring Current; what is below in the Vniuerſality of the kind, not in it ſelfe, doeth abide; *Man* a long line of yeeres hath continued, *This Man* euerie hundreth is ſwipt away. This aire-encircled Globe is the ſole Region of

Death, the Graue, where euerie thing that taketh life muſt rotte, the Liſtes of Fortune and Change, onelie glorious in the inconſtancie and varying Alterationes of it; which though manie, ſeeme yet to abide one, and being a certaine entire one, are euer manie. The neuer-agreeing bodies of the elementall Brethren turne one in another, the Earth changeth her countenance with the Seaſons, ſometimes looking colde and naked, other tymes hote and flowrie: Nay, I can not tell how, but euen the loweſt of thoſe celeſtiall Bodies, that Mother of Moneths, and Empreſſe of Seas, and moiſture, as if ſhee were a Mirrour of our conſtant mutabilitie, appeareth (by her great nearneſſe vnto vs) to participate of our alterations, neuer ſeeing vs twice with that ſame Face, now looking blacke, than pale and wanne, ſometimes againe in the perfection and fulneſſe of her beautie ſhining ouer vs. Death heere no leſſe than Life doth acte a part; the taking away of what is olde beeing, the making way for what is young. This Earth is as a Table Booke, and men are the Notes, the firſt are waſhen out, that new may be written in. They vvhich forewent vs did leaue a Roome for vs, and ſhould wee grieue to doe the ſame to theſe which ſhould come after vs? who beeing admitted to ſee the exquiſite Raritics of ſome Antiquaries Cabinet is grieued, all viewed, to haue the Courtaine drawen, and giue place to new Pilgrimes? And vvhen the Lord of this Vniuerſe hath ſhewed vs the various vvonders of his amazing Frame, ſhould vvee take it to heart, vvhen hee thinketh time to diſlodge? This is his vnalterable and vneuitable Decree; as vvee had no part of our will in our entrance into this Life, vvee ſhould not preſume of anie in our leauing it, but ſoberlie learne to will that

vvhich

vvhich hee vvills, vvhoſe verie vvilling giueth beeing to all that it vvills, and adoring the Orderer, not repine at the Order and Lawes, vvhich all-where, and all-wayes, are ſo perfectlie eſtabliſhed, that vvho would eſſay to alter & amend anie of them, hee ſhould either make them worſe, or deſire thinges beyond the leuell of poſſibilitie: all that is neceſſarie and conuenient for vs they haue beſtowed vpon vs, and freelie granted, and what they haue not beſtowed nor granted vs, neither is it neceſſarie, nor conuenient that wee ſhould haue it.

If thou doeſt complaine, that there ſhall bee a time in the vvhich thou ſhalt not bee, vvhy doeſt thou not too grieue, that there was a time in the vvhich thou waſt not, and ſo that thou art not as olde, as that enlifening Planet of Time? For, not to haue beene a thouſand yeeres before this moment, is as much to bee deplored, as not to bee a thouſand after it, the effect of them both beeing one: that will bee after vs which long long ere vvee vvere was. Our Childrens children haue that ſame reaſon to murmure that they vvere not young men in our dayes, vvhich vvee now, to complaine that wee ſhall not be old in theirs. The Violets haue their time, though they empurple not the Winter, & the Roſes keepe their ſeaſon, though they diſcouer not their beautie in the Spring. Empires, States, Kingdomes, haue by the Doome of the Supreame prouidence their fatall Periods, great Cities lye ſadlie buried in their duſt, Artes and Sciences haue not onelie their Eccliſes, but their vvainings & deathes; the gaſtlie Wonders of the World, raiſed by the ambition of Ages, are ouerthrowne and trampled; ſome Lights aboue (deſeruing to bee intitled Starres) are looſed and neuer more ſeene of vs; the excellent fabrike of this Vniuerſe

it ſelfe ſhall one day ſuffer ruine, or a change like a ruine, and poore Earthlings thus to bee handled complaine!

But is this Life ſo great a good, that the loſe of it ſhould bee ſo deare vnto Man? if it be? the meaneſt creatures of Nature thus bee happie, for they liue no leſſe than hee: If it bee ſo great a felicitie, how is it eſteemed of man himſelfe at ſo ſmall a rate, that for ſo poore gaines, nay, one diſgracefull Word, hee will not ſtand to looſe it? What excellencie is there in it, for the which hee ſhould deſire it perpetuall, and repine to bee at reſt, and returne to his olde Grand-mother Duſt? Of what moment are the Labours and Actions of it, that the interruption and leauing off of them ſhould bee to him ſo diſtaſtfull, and with ſuch grudging lamentations receiued?

Is not the entring into Life weakneſſe? the continuing Sorrow? in the one hee is expoſed to all the injuries of the Elementes, and like a condemned Treſpaſſer (as if it were a fault to come to light) no ſooner borne than faſt manacled and bound, in the other hee is reſtleſſlie, like a Ball, toſſed in the Tinniſe-court of this world; when hee is in the brighteſt Meridiane of his glorie, there needeth nothing to deſtroy him, but to let him fall his owne hight: A reflexe of the Sunne, a blaſt of winde, nay, the glance of an Eye is ſufficient to vndoe him: Howe can that be anie great matter, of which ſo ſmall inſtrumentes and ſlender actions are maiſters?

His Bodie is but a Maſſe of diſcording humours, compoſed and elemented by the conſpiring influences of ſuperior Lights, which though agreeing for a trace of tyme, yet can neuer be made vniforme & keept in a juſt proportion. To what ſickeneſſe is it ſubject vnto, beyond thoſe of the other ſenſible Creatures? no parte of it beeing

which

which is not particularlie infected and afflicted by ſome one, nay, euerie part with many, yea, ſo many, that the Maiſters of that Arte can ſcarce number or name them. So that the life of diuerſe of the meaneſt Creatures of Nature, hath with great reaſon by the moſt Wiſe, beene preferred to the naturall life of Man: And wee ſhould rather wonder how ſo fragill a matter ſhould ſo long endure, than how ſo ſoone diſſolue, and decay.

Are the Actiones of the moſt part of men, much differing from the Exerciſe of the Spider, that pitcheth toyles, & is tapiſt, to pray on the ſmaller Creatures, and for the Weauing of a ſcornefull Webbe euiſcerateth it ſelfe manie dayes, which when vvith much Induſterie finiſhed, a little Puffe of Winde carrieth away both the worke and the worker? Or are they not, like the playes of Children? Or (to hold them at their higheſt rate) as is a May-Game, a Maske, or what is more earneſt, ſome ſtudie at Cheſſe? Euerie day wee riſe and lye downe, apparrell our Bodies and diſapparrell them, make them Sepulchers of dead Creatures, wearie them, & refreſh them; which is a Circle of idle Trauells, and Laboures (like *Penelopes* Taske) vnprofitablie renewed. Some time wee are in a Chaſe after a fading Beautie; now vvee ſeeke to enlarge our Boundes, increaſe our Treaſure, liuing poorelie, to purchaſe what wee muſt leaue to thoſe wee ſhall neuer ſee, or (happelie) to a Foole, or a prodigall Heire; raiſed with the wind of Ambition, wee courte that idle name of Honour, not conſidering how They mounted aloft in the higheſt Aſcendant of earthlie Glorie, are but tortured Ghoſtes, wandring with golden Fetters in gliſtering Priſones, hauing Feare and Danger their vnſeparable Executioners, in the midſt of Multitudes rather guarded than regarded.

They whom opacke imaginations, and inward Thoughtfulneſſe, haue made wearie of the worlds Eye, though they haue with-drawne themſelues from the courſe of Vulgare Affaires, by vaine Contemplationes, curious Searches, thinke their life away, are more diſquieted, and liue worſe than others, their Wit beeing too ſharpe to giue them a true taſte of preſent Infelicities, and to agranate their woes; vvhile they of a more ſhallow and blunt Conceit, haue want of Knowledge and Ignorance of themſelues, for a remedie and Antidote againſt all the Greeuances and incombrances of Life.

What *Camelion*, vvhat *Euripe*, vvhat *Raine-bow*, what *Moone* doth change ſo oft as Man? hee ſeemeth not the ſame perſon in one & the ſame day, vvhat pleaſeth him in the Morning, is in the Euening diſtaſtfull vnto him. Yong hee ſcorneth his childiſh Conceits, and wading deeper in Yeeres (for Yeeres are a Sea, into vvhich hee vvadeth vntill hee drowne) hee eſteemeth his Youth vnconſtancie, Raſhneſſe, Follie; Old, hee beginneth to pittie himſelfe, plaining becauſe hee is changed, that the World is changed, like thoſe in a Ship, which when they launce from the Shore, are brought to thinke the Shore doeth flie from them. Hee hath no ſooner acquired vvhat hee did deſire, but hee beginneth to enter into new Cares, and deſire vvhat hee ſhall neuer bee able to acquire. When hee ſeemeth freed of euill in his owne eſtate, hee grudgeth and vexeth himſelfe at the happineſſe and fortunes of others. Hee is preſſed with Care for vvhat is preſent, with Griefe, for what is paſt, vvith Feare for vvhat is to come, nay, for vvhat will neuer come; And as in the Eye one Teare draweth another after it, ſo maketh hee one Sorrow follow vpon a former, and euerie day lay vp ſtuffe of Griefe for the next.

The

The Aire, the Sea, the Fire, the Beasts bee cruell Executioners of Man; yet Beastes, Fire, Sea and Aire, are pitifull to Man in comparision of man, for moe men are destroyed by men, than by them all. What Scornes, Wrongs, Contumelies, Imprisonmentes, Torments, Poysons receiueth Man of Man? What Ingines and new workes of Death are daylie found out by Man against man? What Lawes to thrall his Libertie, Fantasies and Bugbeares, to infatuate and inueigle his reason? Amongst the Beastes is there anie that hath so seruile a Lot in anothers behalfe as Man, yet neither is content, nor hee who raigneth, nor hee who serueth?

The halfe of our Life is spent in Sleepe; which hath such a resemblance to Death, that often it separates the Soule from the Bodie, and teacheth it a sort of beeing aboue it, making it soare beyond the Spheare of sensuall Delightes, and attaine to Knowledge, vnto vvhich, while the Bodie did awake, it dared scarce aspire. And vvho vvould not rather than remaine chained in this loathsome Galley of the World, Sleepe euer (that is dye) hauing all thinges at one stay, bee free from those Vexationes, Disasteres, Contempts, Indignities, and manie manie Anguishes, vnto which this Life is enuassalled and made thrall, ? and, well looked vnto, our greatest Contentment and Happinesse heere seemeth rather to consist in an absence of Miserie, than in the enjoying of any great Good.

What haue the deerest Fauorites of the World, created to the Paternes of the fairest Ideas of Mortalitie to glorie in? Is it Greatnesse? Who can bee great on so small a Round as is this Earth, and bounded with so short a course of time? How like is that to Castles or

imaginarie Cities raiſed in the Skies by chaunce-meeting Cloudes? or to Gyantes modelled (for a ſport) of Snow which at the hoter lookes of the Sunne melt away and lye drowned in their owne moiſture? Such an impetuous Viciſſitude towſeth the Eſtate of this World! Is it Knowledge? But wee haue not yet attained to a perfect Vnderſtanding of the ſmalleſt Flower, and why the Graſſe ſhould rather bee greene than red. The Element of Fire is quite put out, the Aire is but Water rarified, the Earth is found to moue, and is no more the Center of the Vniuerſe, is turned into a Magnes; Starres are not fixed, but ſwimme in the etheriall Spaces, Cometes are mounted aboue the Planetes; Some affirme there is another World of men and ſenſitiue Creatures, with Cities and Palaces in the Moone; the Sunne is loſt, for, it is but a Light made of the conjunction of manie ſhining Bodies together, a Clift in the lower Heauens, through which the Rayes of the higheſt defuſe themſelues, is obſerued to haue Spots; Thus, Sciences by the diuerſe Motiones of this Globe of the Braine of Man, are become Opiniones, nay, Errores, and leaue the Imagination in a thouſand Labyrinthes. What is all wee knowe compared with what wee knowe not? Wee haue not yet agreed about the chiefe Good and Felicitie. It is (perhaps) artificiall Cunning, how manie Curioſities bee framed by the leaſt Creatures of Nature (who like a wiſe Painter ſhoweth in a ſmall Pourtrait more ingine than in a great) vnto which the induſtrie of the moſt curious Artizanes doeth not attaine? Is it Riches? What are they, but the Idoles of Fooles, the caſting out of Friendes, Snares of Libertie, Bandes to ſuch as haue them, poſſeſſing rather than poſſeſſed, Mettalles vvhich Nature hath hidde (foreſeeing the great

Harmes

Harmes they should occasion) and the onelie Opinion of Man, hath brought in estimation? They are like to Thornes which laid on an open hand are eallie blowne away, and wound the closing and hard-gripping, Prodigalls misspend them, Wretches misskeepe them; when wee haue gathered the greatest aboundance, wee our selues can enjoye no more of them, than so much as belonges to one man: They take not away Want, but occasione it, what great and rich men doe by others, the meaner and more contented sort doe by themselues. Will some talke of our pleasures? It is not (though in the Fables) told out of purpose, that *Pleasure* beeing called vp to Heauen, to disburthen her selfe and become more light, did heere leaue her Apparrell, which *Sorrow* (then naked, forsaken, and wandring) finding, did afterwards attire her selfe with: And if wee would say the truth of most of our Ioyes, wee must confesse them to bee but disguised Sorrowes; Remorse euer ensueth them, and (beeing the Heires of Displeasure) seldome doe they appeare, except Sadnesse and some wakning Griefe, hath reallie preceded and forewent them. Will some Ladies vaunt of their Beautie? That is but Skinthicke of two Senses onelie knowne, short euen of marble Statues and Pictures; not the same to all Eyes, dangerous to the Beholder, and hurtfull to the Possessour, an Enemie to Chastitie, a Frame made to delight others more than those which haue it, a superficiall Varnish hiding Bones and the Braines, thinges fearefull to bee looked vpon: Growth in Yeares doeth blast it, or Sicknesse, or Sorrow preuenting them; Our Strength, matched with that of the vnreasonable Creatures, is but Weakenesse. All wee can set our eyes vpon in these intricate mazes of Life is but Alchimie,

vaine Perſpectiue, and deceiuing Shadowes, appearing farre other wayes a farre off, than when enjoyed, and looked vpon at a neare Diſtance. O! who if before hee had a beeing, hee could haue knowledge of the manie-fold Miſeries of it, would enter this woefull Hoſpitall of the World, and accept of life vpon ſuch hard conditiones?

If Death bee good, why ſhould it bee feared? and if it bee the worke of Nature, how ſhould it not bee good? for, Nature, is an Ordinance, Diſpoſition and Rule, which God hath eſtabliſhed in creating this Vniuerſe, as is the Lawe of a King, which can not erre: For, how ſhould the Maker of that Ordinance erre? Sith in Him there is no impotencie and weakneſſe, by the which hee might bring forth what is vnperfect, no peruerſeneſſe of Will, of which might proceede any vicious action, no Ignorance, by the which hee might goe wrong in working; beeing moſt Powerfull, moſt Good, moſt Wiſe, nay, All Wiſe All-Good, All-Powerfull: Hee is the firſt Orderer, and marſhelleth euerie other Order, the higheſt Eſſence, giuing Eſſence to all other thinges, of all Cauſes the Cauſe: Hee worketh powerfullie, bounteouſlie, vviſelie, and maketh Nature (his artificiall Organ) doe the ſame. How is not Death of Nature? Sith what is naturallie generate, is ſubject to Corruption, and ſith ſuch an Harmonie (which is Life) ariſing of the mixture of the foure Elementes, which are the ingredientes of our Bodies, can not euer endure; the contrarieties of their qualities (as a conſuming ruſt in the baſer Metalles) beeing an inward cauſe of a neceſſarie diſſolution. O of fraile and inſtable Thinges the conſtant, firme, and eternall Order! For euen in their changes they keepe euer vniuerſall auncient and vncorruptible Lawes.

Againe,

Againe, how can Death bee euill; ſith it is the Thaw of all theſe vanities which the Froſt of Life bindeth together? If there bee a Sacietie in Life, then muſt there not bee a Sweeteneſſe in Death? Man were an intollerable thing, were hee not mortall; The Earth were not ample enough to containe her Of-ſpring, if none dyed: in two or three Ages (without Death) vvhat an vnpleaſant and lamentable Spectacle vvere the moſt flowriſhing Cities? For, what ſhould there bee to bee ſeene in them, ſaue Bodies languiſhing and courbing againe into the Earth, pale diſſigured Faces, Skelitones in ſteade of Men? And vvhat to bee heard, but the Exclamationes of the Yong, Complaintes of the Old, with the pittifull cryes of ſicke and pining Perſons? there is almoſt no infirmitie worſe than Age.

If there bee anie euill in Death, it would appeare to bee that Paine and torment, vvhich vvee apprehend to ariſe from the breaking of thoſe ſtrait Bands vvhich keepe the Soule & Bodie together; which, ſith not without great ſtruggling and motion, ſeemeth to proue it ſelfe vehement and moſt extreame. The Senſes are the onelie cauſe of paine, but before the laſt Trances of Death they are ſo brought vnder, that they haue no (or verie) little ſtrength and their ſtrength leſſening the ſtrength of Paine too muſt bee leſſened. How ſhould wee doubt but the weakneſſe of Senſe leſſeneth Paine, ſith wee know, that vveakned and maimned parts which receiue not nouriſhment, are a great deale leſſe ſenſible than the other partes of the Bodie: And ſee, that olde ſtrengthleſſe, decrepit Perſons leaue this World almoſt without paine, as in a Sleepe? If Bodies of the moſt ſound & wholeſome conſtitution bee theſe vvhich moſt vehementlie feele paine, it muſt then

follow that they of a diſtempered & craſie Conſtitution, haue leaſt feeling of Paine; and by this reaſon, all weake and ſicke Bodies ſhould not much feele Paine; for if they were not diſtempered and euill complexioned, they would not bee ſicke. That the *Sight*, *Hearing*, *Taſte*, *Smelling*, leaue vs without Paine, & vnawares, we are vndoubtedlie aſſured: And vvhy ſhould wee not thinke the ſame of the *Feeling*? That, by vvhich vvee are capable of Feeling, is the vitall Spirits animated by the Braine, which in a Man in perfect Health, by veines & arteres are ſpred & extended through the whole bodie, and hence it is that the whole Bodie is capable of paine: But, in dying Bodies vvee ſee, that by paules and degrees thoſe partes which are furtheſt remoued from the Heart, become cold, and beeing depriued of naturall heate, all the paine which they feele, is that they doe feele no paine. Now, euen as ere the ſicke bee aware, the vitall Spirits haue withdrawne themſelues from the vvhole extenſion of the Bodie, to ſuccour the Heart (like diſtreſſed Citizens which finding their Walles battered downe, flie to the defence of their Cittadell) ſo doe they abandonne the Heart without any ſenſible touch: As the flame, the Oyle failing, leaueth the Weeke, or as the light the Aire which it doeth inueſt. As to thoſe ſhrinking motions, and convultions of Sinewes & Members, which appeare to witneſſe great paine, let one repreſent to himſelfe the Stringes of an high-tuned Lute, which breaking, retire to their naturall windings, or a peece of Yce, that without any outward violence, cracketh at a Thaw: No otherwiſe doe the Sinewes of the Bodie, finding themſelues ſlacke and vnbended from the Braine, & their wonted labours & motions ceaſe, ſtruggle, and ſeeme to ſtirre themſelues, but without either paine or ſenſe

or ſenſe. Sowning is a true pourtrait of Death, or rather it is the ſame, beeing a Ceſſation from all action, motion, and function of Senſe and Life: But in Sowning there is no paine, but a ſilent reſt, and ſo deepe and ſound a ſleepe, that the naturall is nothing in compariſon of it; What great paine then can there bee in Death, vvhich is but a continued Sowning, a ſweete ignorance of Cares, and a neuer againe returning to the workes and dolorous felicitie of Life? The wiſe and all prouident Creator hath made Death by many ſignes of paine appeare terrible, to the effect, that if Man, for reliefe of miſeries and preſent euills, ſhould haue vnto it recourſe, it beeing (apparantlie) a worſer, hee ſhould rather conſtantlie indure what hee knoweth, than haue refuge vnto that which hee feareth and knoweth not, the Terrours of Death ſeeme the Gardianes of Life.

Now although Death were an extreame Paine, ſith it comes in an Inſtant, what can it bee? why ſhould wee feare it? for, while wee are, it commeth not, and it beeing come, wee are no more. Nay, though it were moſt painefull, long continuing, and terrible-vglie, why ſhould wee feare it? Sith Feare is a fooliſh paſſion but where it may preſerue; but it can not preſerue vs from Death, yea, rather Feare maketh vs to meete with that which wee would ſhunne, and baniſhing the Comfortes of preſent Contentmentes bringeth Death more neare vnto vs: That is euer terrible which is vnknowne; ſo doe little Children feare to goe in the darke, and their Feare is increaſed with Tales.

But that (perhaps) which anguiſheth Thee moſt, is to haue this glorious Pageant of the World remoued from Thee, in the Prime and moſt delicious Seaſon of thy life;

for, though to dye bee vſuall, to dye young may appeare extraordinarie. If the preſent Fruition of theſe things bee vnprofitable and vaine, what can a long Continuance of them bee, If God had made Life happier, hee had alſo made it longer? Stranger and newe Halcyon, why wouldſt thou longer neſtle amidſt theſe vnconſtant and ſtormie Waues? Haſt thou not alreadie ſuffred enough of this World, but thou muſt yet endure more? To liue long, is it not to bee long troubled? But number thy Yeares, which are now ( ) and thou ſhalt find, that where as ten haue ouer-liued Thee, thouſands haue not attained this age. One yeare is ſufficient to behold all the magnificence of Nature, nay, euen one Day and Night; for more, is but the ſame brought againe: This Sunne, that Moone, theſe Starres, the varying Dance of the Spring, Summer, Autumne, Winter, Is that verie ſame which the golden Age did ſee. They which haue the longeſt time lent them to liue in, haue almoſt no part of it at all, meaſuring it, either by that ſpace of time which is paſt, when they were not, or by that which is to come: Why ſhouldſt thou then care, whether thy Dayes bee manie, or few, which when prolonged to the vttermoſt, proue, paralel'd with Eternitie, as a Teare is to the Ocean? To dye young, is to doe that ſoone, and in ſome fewer dayes, which once thou muſt doe; it is but the giuing ouer of a Game that (after neuer ſo manie hazardes) muſt bee loſt. When thou haſt liued to that Age thou deſireſt, or one of *Platos* yeares, ſo ſoone as the laſt of thy dayes, riſeth aboue thy Horizon, thou wilt then as now demand longer Reſpite, and expect more to come, the oldeſt are moſt vnwilling to dye. It is Hope of long life, that maketh Life ſeeme ſhort. VVho will be-

hold,

hold, and with the eyes of judgement behold, the ma-nie Changes depending on humaine affaires, with the af-ter-claps of Fortune, ſhall neuer lament to dye yong. Who knoweth vvhat alterations and ſudden diſaſters, in out-ward eſtate, or inward contentments, in this VVilderneſſe of the VVorld, might haue befallen him who dyeth yong, if hee had liued to bee olde? Heauen, fore-knowing im-minent harmes, taketh thoſe which it loueth to it ſelfe, be-fore they fall foorth: Death in Youth is like the leauing a ſuperfluous Feaſt, before the drunken Cups be preſented and walke about. Pure and (if wee may ſo ſay) Virgine Soules carrie their bodies with no ſmall Agonies, and de-light not to remaine long in the dregs of humane corrup-tion, ſtill burning with a deſire to turne backe to the place of their Reſt; for this World is their Inne, and not their Home. That which may fall foorth euerie houre, can not fall out of time. Life is a Iourney in a duſtie Way, the furtheſt Reſt is Death, in this ſome goe more heauilie bur-thened, than others: Swift and actiue Pilgrimes come to the end of it in the Morning, or at Noone, which Tor-toyſe-paced Wretches, clogged vvith the fragmentarie rubbige of this World, ſcarce with great trauell crawle vnto at Mid-night. Dayes are not to bee eſteemed after the number of them, but after the goodneſſe: more Compaſſe maketh not a Spheare more compleate, but as round is a little, as a large Ring; nor is that Muſician moſt praiſe-wor-thie who hath longeſt played, but hee in meaſured Accents who hath made ſweeteſt Melodie; to liue long hath often beene a let to liue well. Muſe not how many yeares thou mightſt haue enjoyed Life, but how ſooner thou mightſt haue loſſed it; neither grudge ſo much that it is no better, as comfort thy ſelfe that it hath beene no worſe: let it ſuf-

fice that thou haſt liued till this day; and (after the courſe of this World) not for nought; thou haſt had ſome ſmiles of Fortune, fauours of the worthieſt, ſome friendes, and thou haſt neuer beene diſfauoured of the Heauen.

Though not for Life it ſelfe, yet that to after-worlds thou mightſt leaue ſome Monument that once thou waſt, happilie in the cleare light of Reaſon, it would appeare that Life were earneſtly to be deſired: for ſith it is denyed vs to liue euer (ſaid one) let vs leaue ſome worthy Remembrance of our once heere beeing, and drawe out this Spanne of Life to the greateſt length & ſo farre as is poſſible. O poore Ambition! to what (I pray Thee) mayſt thou concreded it? Arches and ſtately Temples, which one Age doth raiſe, doth not another raze? Tombes and adopted Pillars, lye buried with thoſe which were in them buried: Hath not Auarice defaced, what Religion did make glorious? All that the hand of man can vpreare, is either ouer-turned by the hand of man, or at length by ſtanding and continuing conſumed: as if there were a ſecret oppoſition in Fate (the vneuitable Decree of the Eternall) to controule our induſtry, and conter-checke all our deuices and propoſing. Poſſeſſions are not enduring, Children loſe their Names, Families glorying (like Marigolds in the Sunne) on the higheſt top of VVealth and Honour (no better than they which are not yet borne) leauing off to bee. So doeth Heauen confound, what wee endeauour by Labour and Arte to diſtinguiſh. That Renowne by Papers, which is thought to make men immortall, and which neareſt doth approach the Life of theſe eternall Bodies aboue, how ſlender it is, the very word of Paper doth import; and what is it when obtained, but a flowriſh of Words, which

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comming Tymes may ſcorne? How many millions neuer heare the Names of the moſt famous VVriters, and amongſt them to whom they are known, how few turne ouer their Pages, and of ſuch as doe, how many ſport at their Conceits, taking the Verity for a Fable, and oft a Fable for Veritie, or (as wee doe Pleaſants) vſe all for recreation? Then the ariſing of more famous, doth darken, put downe, and turne ignoble the Glorie of the former, being held as Garments, worne out of faſhion. Now when thou haſt attained what Praiſe thou couldſt deſire, and thy fame is emblazoned in many Stories, neuer after to bee either ſhadowed or worne out, it is but an Eccho, a meere Sound, a Glow-worme, which ſeene a farre, caſteth ſome cold beames, but approached is found nothing, an imaginarie happineſſe, whoſe good dependes on the opinion of others. Deſert and Vertue for the moſt part want Monuments and Memorie, ſeldome are recorded in the Volumnes of Admiration, nay, are often branded with Infamie, while Statues and Trophees are erected to thoſe, whoſe names ſhould haue beene buried in their duſt, and folded vp in the darkeſt clowds of obliuion: So doe the rancke Weeds in this Garden of the VVorld choacke & ouer-run the ſweeteſt Flowres. Applauſe, whilſt thou liueſt, ſerueth but to make Thee that faire Marke againſt which Enuye and Malice direct their Arrows, and when thou art wounded, all Eyes are turned towards thee (like the Sunne which is moſt gazed on in an Eccliſpe) not for Pittie or Praiſe but Detraction; at the beſt, it but reſembleth that Siracuſianes Spheare of Chriſtall not ſo faire as fraile: and, borne after thy death, it may as well bee aſcribed, to ſome of thoſe were in the Trojan Horſe, or to ſuch as are yet to bee borne an hun-

dreth yeares heareafter, as to Thee, who nothing knowes, and is of all vnknowne. VVhat can it auaile thee to bee talked of, whilſt thou art not? Conſider in what Bounds our Fame is confined, how narrow the Liſtes are of humane Glorie, and the furtheſt ſhee can ſtretch her winges. This Globe of the Earth and water, which ſeemeth huge to vs, in reſpect of the Vniuerſe, compared with that wide wide Pauillion of Heauen, is leſſe than little, of no ſenſible quantitie, and but as a Point: for the Horizon which boundeth our ſight, deuideth the Heauen as in two halfes, hauing alwaies ſixe of the Zodiacke Signes aboue, and as many vnder it, which if the Earth had any quantitie compared to it, it could not doe. More, if the Earth were not as a point, the Starres could not ſtill in all parts of it appeare to vs as of a like greatnes; for where the Earth raiſed it ſelfe in Mountaines, wee beeing more neare to Heauen, they would appeare to vs of a greater quantity, and where it is humbled in Vallies, wee beeing further diſtant, they would ſeeme vnto vs leſſe: But the Starres in all partes of the Earth appearing of a like greatneſſe, and to euery part of it, the Heauen imparting to our ſight the halfe of its inſide, wee muſt auouch it to bee but as a Point. Well did One compare it to an Ant-hill, and men (the Inhabitants) to ſo manie Piſmires, and Graſhoppers, in the toyle and varietie of their diuerſified ſtudies. Now of this ſmall indiuiſible thing, thus compared, how much is couered with Waters? how much not at all diſcouered? how much vn-inhabited and deſart? and how many millions of millions are they, which ſhare the remnant amongſt them, in Languages, Cuſtomes, diuine Rites differing, and all almoſt to others vnknowne? But let it bee granted that Glorye and Fame are ſome great matter, are the life of the dead

dead, and can reach Heauen it ſelfe, ſith they are oft buried with the honoured, and paſſe away in ſo fleet a Reuolution of time, what great good can they haue in them? How is not Glorie temporall, if it increaſe with yeares and depend on time? Then imagine mee (for what cannot Imagination reach vnto?) one could bee famous in all times to come, and ouer the whole World preſent, yet ſhall hee bee for euer Obſcure and ignoble to thoſe mightie Ones, which were onely heere-tofore eſteemed famous, amongſt the Aſſyrians, Perſians, Romans. Againe, the vaine Affectation of man is ſo ſuppreſſed, that though his workes abide ſome ſpace, the Worker is vnknowne: the huge Egyptian Pyramides, and that Grot in *Pauſilipo*, though they haue wreſtled with Time, and worne vpon the vaſte of dayes, yet are their Authores no more known, than it is knowne by what ſtrange Earth-quackes, and Deluges, Yles were diuided from the Continent, or Hilles burſted foorth of the Vallies. Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares, are ſwallowed vp in the great Gulfe of Tyme (which puts out the eyes of all their Glorie) and onelie a fattall obliuion remaines: Of ſo manie Ages paſt, wee may well figure to our ſelues ſome likelie Apparances, but can affirme little Certaintie.

But (my Soule) what aileth thee, to bee thus backward and aſtoniſhed, at the remembrance of Death, ſith it doth not reach Thee, more than Darkneſſe doth thoſe farre-ſhinning Lampes aboue? Rouſe thy ſelfe for ſhame, why ſhouldſt thou feare to bee without a Bodie, ſith thy Maker, and the ſpirituall and ſuperceleſtiall Inhabitantes haue no Bodies? Haſt thou euer ſeene any Priſoner, who when the Iaile Gates were broken vp, and hee enfranchiſed and ſet looſe, would rather plaine and ſit ſtill on his Fetters,

than ſeeke his freedome? Or any Mariner, who in the midſt of Stormes arriuing neare the Shore, would launch forth againe vnto the Maine, rather than ſtricke Saile and joyfullie enter the leas of a ſaue Harbour? If thou rightlie know thy ſelfe, thou haſt but ſmall cauſe of anguiſh; for, if there bee any reſemblance of that which is infinite, in what is finite (which yet by an infinite imperfection is from it diſtant) If thou bee not an Image, thou art a Shadow of that vnſearchable Trinitie, in thy three eſſentiall Powers, Vnderſtanding, Will, Memorie; which though three, are in Thee but one, and abiding one, are diſtinctly three; But in nothing more comeſt thou neare that Soueraigne Good, than by thy Perpetuitie, which who ſtriue to improue, by that ſame doe it proue: Like thoſe that by arguing themſelues to bee without all reaſon, by the verie arguing, ſhow how they haue ſome. For, how can vvhat is whollie mortall more thinke vpon, conſider, or know that which is immortall, than the Eye can know Soundes, or the Eare diſcerne of Coloures; if none had Eyes, who would euer diſpute of light or ſhadow? And if all were deafe, who would deſcant of Muſicke? To Thee nothing in this viſible world is comparable; thou art ſo wonderfull a Beautie, and ſo beautifull a Wonder, that if but once thou couldſt be gazed vpon by bodily eyes, euery heart would be inflamed with thy loue, and rauiſhed from all ſeruile baſeneſſe and earthlie deſires. Thy being dependes not on Matter; hence by thine Vnderſtanding doſt thou dyue into the being of euerie other thing; and therein art ſo pregnant, that nothing by Place, Similitude, Subject, Time, is ſo conjoyned, which thou canſt not ſeparate; as what neither is, nor any wayes can exiſt, thou canſt faine, & giue an abſtract being vnto. Thou

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ſeemeſt a World in thy ſelfe, containing Heauen, Starres, Seas, Earth, Floodes, Mountaines, Foreſtes, and all that liues: Yet reſts, thou not ſatiate with what is in thy ſelfe, nor with all in the wide Vniuerſe (becauſe thou knoweſt their defectes) vntill thou raiſe thy ſelfe, to the contemplation of that firſt illuminating Intelligence, farre aboue Time, and euen reaching Eternitie it ſelfe, into which thou art transformed, for, by receiuing thou (beyond all other thinges) art made that which thou receiueſt. The more thou knoweſt the more apt thou art to know, not being amated with any obiect that excelleth in predominance, as Senſe by obiectes ſenſible. Thy Will is vncompellable, reſiſting Force, daunting Neceſſitie, deſpiſing Danger, triumphing ouer Affliction, vnmoued by Pittie, and not conſtrained by all the toyles and diſaſters of Life. What the Artes-Maſter of this Vniuerſe is in gouerning this Vniuerſe, thou art in the Bodie; and as hee is whollie in euerie part of it, ſo art thou whollie in euerie part of the Bodie: Like vnto a Mirrouer, euerie ſmall parcell of which a parte, doeth repreſent and doe the ſame, what the whole did enteire & together. By Thee Man is that Hymen of eternall and mortall thinges, that Chaine, together binding vnbodied and bodilie Subſtances, without which the goodlie Fabricke of this World were vnperfect. Thou haſt not thy beginning from the fecunditie, power, nor action of the elementall qualities, beeing an immediate Maſter-piece of that great Maker: Hence haſt Thou the Formes and Figures of all thinges imprinted in Thee from thy firſt originall. Thou onelie at once art capable of contraries, of the three partes of Time, Thou makeſt but one, thou knoweſt thy ſelfe ſo ſeparate, abſolute, & diuerſe an eſſence from thy Bodie, that Thou diſpoſeſt of it as it

pleaſeth Thee, for in Thee there is no paſſion ſo weake which maſtereth not the feare of leauing it. Thou ſhouldſt bee ſo farre from repining at this ſeparation, that it ſhould bee the chiefe of thy deſires; Sith it is the paſſage, and meanes to attaine thy perfection and happineſſe. Thou art heere, but as in an infected and leprous Inne, plunged in a flood of humours, oppreſſed with Cares, ſuppreſſed with Ignorance, defiled and deſtained with Vice, retrograd in the courſe of Vertue; Small thinges ſeeme heere great vnto Thee, and great thinges ſmall, Follie appeareth Wiſedome and Wiſedome Follie. Fred of thy fleſhlie Care, thou ſhalt rightlie diſcerne the beautie of thy ſelfe, and haue perfect Fruition of that All-ſufficient and All-ſuffizing Happineſſe, which is God himſelfe; to whom thou oweſt thy beeing, to Him thou oweſt thy well beeing; Hee and Happineſſe are the ſame. For, if God had not Happineſſe, Hee were not God, becauſe Happineſſe is the higheſt and greateſt Good: If then God haue Happineſſe, it can not bee a thing differing from Him, for, if there were any thing in Him differing from Him, Hee ſhould bee an Eſſence compoſed & not ſimple. More, what is differing in any thing, is either an accident or a part of it ſelfe; In God Happineſſe can not bee an accident, becauſe Hee is not ſubject to any accidents; if it were a part of Him (ſince the part is before the whole) wee ſhould bee forced to grant, that ſome thing was before God. Bedded & bathed in theſe earthlie ordures, thou canſt not come neare this ſoueraigne Good, nor haue any glimpſe of the farre-off dawning of his vn acceſſible Brightneſſe, no, not ſo much as the eyes of the Birds of the night haue of the Sunne. Thinke then by Death, that thy Shell is broken, and thou then but euen hatched; that thou art a Pearle, raiſed from thy

thy Mother, to bee enchaced in Gold, and that the death-day of thy bodie, is thy birth-day to Eternitie.

Why ſhouldſt thou bee feare-ſtroken? and diſcomforted, for thy parting from this mortall Bride, thy Bodie; ſith it is but for a tyme, and ſuch a tyme, as ſhee ſhall not care for, nor feele any thing in, nor thou haue much neede of her? Nay, ſith thou ſhalt receiue her againe, more goodlie and beautifull, than when in her fulleſt Perfection thou enjoyed her; beeing by her abſence made like vnto that Indian Chriſtall, which after ſome Reuolutions of Ages, is turned into pureſt Diamond. If the Soule bee the Forme of the Bodie, and the Forme ſeperated from the Matter of it, can not euer ſo continue, but is inclined and diſpoſed to bee reunited thereinto; What can let and hinder this deſire, but that ſome time it bee accompliſhed, and obtaining the expected end, rejoyne it ſelfe againe vnto the Bodie? The Soule ſeparate hath a deſire, becauſe it hath a will, and knoweth it ſhall by this reunion receiue Perfection: too, as the Matter is diſpoſed, and inclineth to its Forme when it is without it, ſo would it ſeeme that the Forme ſhould bee towards its Matter in the abſence of it. How is not the Soule the Forme of the Bodie, ſith by it it is, ſith it is the beginning and cauſe of all the actions and functions of the Bodie: For though in excellencie it paſſe euerie other Forme, yet doeth not that excellencie take from it the Nature of a Forme. If the abiding of the Soule from the Bodie bee violent, then can it not bee euerlaſting, but haue a regreſſe: How is not ſuch an eſtate of beeing and abiding not violent to the Soule, if it bee naturall to it to bee in its Matter, and (ſeperate) after a ſtrange manner, many of the powers and faculties of it (which neuer leaue

it) are not duelie exerciſed? This Vnion ſeemeth not aboue the Horizon of naturall reaſon, farre leſſe impoſſible to bee done by God: and though Reaſon can not euidentlie heere demonſtrate, yet hath ſhee a miſtie and groping notice. If the Bodie ſhall not ariſe, how can the onelie and Soueraigne Good bee perfectlie and infinitlie good? For, how ſhall Hee be juſt, nay, haue ſo much juſtice as man, if he ſuffer the euill & vicious to haue a more proſperous and happie life, than the followers of Religion and Vertue, which ordinarlie vſeth to fall forth in this life? For, the moſt wicked are Lords and Gods of this Earth, ſleeping in the lee port of Honour, as if the ſpacious habitation of the World had beene made onelie for them, and the Vertuous and good, are but forlorne caſt-awayes, floting in the ſurges of diſtreſſe, ſeeming heere either of the Eye of Prouidence not pittied, or not reguarded: beeing ſubject to all diſhonours, wrongs, wrackes; in their beſt eſtate paſſing away their dayes (like the Dazies in the Field) in ſilence and contempt. Sith then Hee is moſt good, moſt juſt, of neceſſitie, there muſt bee appointed by Him an other time and place of retribution, in the which there ſhall be a Reward for liuing well, and a Puniſhment for doing euill, with a life whereinto both ſhall receiue their due; and not onelie in their Soules diueſted, for, ſith both the parts of man did acte a part in the right or wrong, it carrieth great reaſon with it, that they both (inteire man) bee araigned before that high Iuſtice, to receiue their owne: Man is not a Soule onlie, but a Soule and Bodie, to which either Guerdon or puniſhment is due. This ſeemeth to bee the Voice of Nature in almoſt all the Religions of the World; this is that generall Teſtimonie, charactered in the minds of the moſt barbarous and ſaluage

ſaluage people; for, all haue had ſome rouing Gueſſes at Ages to come, and a Glow-worme light of another life, all appealing to one generall Iudgement Throne. To what elſe could ſerue ſo many expiations, ſacrifices, prayers, ſolemnities, and miſticall Ceremonies? To what ſuch ſumptuous Temples, & care of the dead? to what all Religion? If not to ſhowe, that they expected a more excellent manner of being, after the Nauigation of this life did take an end. And who doeth denie it, muſt denie that there is a Prouidence, a God; confeſſe that his worſhippe, and all ſtudie and reaſon of vertue are vaine; and not belieue that there is a World, are creatures, and that Hee Himſelfe is not what Hee is.

But it is not of Death (perhaps) that we complaine, but of Tyme, vnder the fatall ſhadow of whoſe winges, all things decay and wither: This is that Tyrant, which executing againſt vs his diamantine lawes, altereth the harmonious conſtitution of our Bodies, benuming the Organes of our knowledge, turneth our beſt Senſes ſenceleſſe, makes vs loathſome to others, and a burthen to our ſelues Of which euills Death releiueth vs. So that, if wee could bee tranſported (O happy colonie!) to a place exempted from the Lawes and conditiones of Time, where neither change, motion, nor other affection of materiall and corruptible things were, but an immortall, vnchangeable, impaſsible, all-ſufficient kinde of life, it were the laſt of things wiſheable, the tearme and center of all our Deſires. Death maketh this tranſplantation; for the laſt inſtant of Corruption, or leauing off of any thing to bee what it was, is the firſt of Generation, or being of that which ſucceedeth; Death then beeing the end of this miſerable tranſitory life, of neceſſity muſt bee the beginning of that other all

excellent and eternall: And ſo cauſeleſſie of a vertuous Soule it is either feared or complained on.

AS thoſe Images were limned in my minde (the' morning Starre now almoſt ariſing in the Eaſt) I found my thoughts in a mild and quiet calme; and not long after, my Senſes one by one forgetting their vſes, began to giue themſelues ouer to reſt, leauing mee in a ſtill and peaceable ſleepe; if ſleepe it may bee called, where the Minde awaking is carried with free wings from out fleſhlie bondage? For heauy lids, had not long couered their lights, when mee thought, nay, ſure I was, where I might diſcerne all in this great *All*; the large compaſſe of the rolling Circles, the brightneſſe and continuall motion of thoſe Rubies of the Night, which (by their diſtance) heere below can not bee perceiued; the ſiluer countenance of the wandring Moone, ſhining by anothers light, the hanging of the Earth (as enuironed with a girdle of Chriſtall) the Sunne enthronized in the midſt of the Planetes, eye of the Heauens, Gemme of this precious Ring the World. But vvhilſt with wonder and amazement I gazed on thoſe celeſtiall Splendors, and the beaming Lampes of that glorious Temple (like a poore Countrie-man brought from his ſolitarie Mountaines and Flockes, to behold the magnificence of ſome great Citie) There was preſented to my ſight a MAN, as in the ſpring of His yeares, with that ſelfe ſame Grace, comelie feature, maieſticke Looke which the late ( ) was wont to haue: on vvhom I had no ſooner fixed mine eyes, when (like one Planet-ſtroken) I become amazed: But Hee with a milde demeanour, and voyce ſurpaſſing all humane ſweetneſſe appeared (mee thought) to ſay,

What is it doth thus paine and perplexe thee? Is it the re-

remembrance of Death, the laſt Period of wretchedneſſe, and entrie to theſe happie places; the Lanterne which lighteneth men to ſee the Miſterie of the bleſſedneſſe of Spirites, and that Glorie which tranſcendeth the Courtaine of things viſible? Is thy Fortune below on that darke Globe (which ſcarce by the ſmalneſſe of it appeareth here) ſo great, that thou art heart-broken and dejected to leaue it? What if thou wert to leaue behinde thee a ( ) ſo glorious in the eye of the World (yet but a mote of duſt encircled with a pond) as that of mine, ſo louing ( ) ſuch great Hopes, theſe had beene apparant occaſions of lamenting, & but apparant? Doſt thou thinke thou leaueſt Life too ſoone? Death is beſt young; things faire and excellent, are not of long indurance vpon Earth. Who liueth well, liueth long; Soules moſt beloued of their Maker are ſooneſt releeued from the bleeding cares of Life, & with almoſt a ſphericall ſwiftneſſe wafted through the Surges of Humane miſeries, Opinion (that great Enchantreſſe and Peiſer of things, not as they are, but as they ſeeme) hath not in any thing more, than in the conceit of Death, abuſed Man: Who muſt not meaſure himſelfe, and eſteeme his eſtate, after his earthlie being, which is but as a dreame: For, though hee bee borne on the Earth, hee is not borne for thee Earth, more than the Embryon for the mothers wombe. It plaineth to bee releeued of its bands, and to come to the light of this World, and Man waileth to bee looſed from the Chaines with which hee is fettered in that Valley of vanities: it nothing knoweth whither it is to goe, nor ought of the beauty of the viſible works of God, neither doth Man of the magnificence of the intellectuall World aboue, vnto which (as by a Mid-wife) hee is directed by Death. Fooles, which thinke that this faire and admirable

Frame, ſo variouſlie diſpoſed, ſo rightly marſhalled, ſo ſtrongly maintained, enriched with ſo many excellencies, not only for neceſſity, but for ornament and delight, was by that Supreme Wiſedome brought forth, that all things in a circulary courſe, ſhould bee and not bee, ariſe and diſſolue, and thus continue, (as if they were ſo many Shadowes careleſlie caſt out and cauſed by the encountring of thoſe ſuperiour celeſtiall Bodies, changing onelie there faſhion and ſhape, or fantaſticall Imageries, or ſhades of faces into Chriſtall) But more They, which beleeue that Hee doth no other-wayes regard this his worke than as a Theater, raiſed for bloudy Sword-playeres, Wraſtlers, Chaſers of timorous and Combatters of terrible Beaſtes, delighting in the daily torments Sorrowes diſtreſſe and Miſerie of Mankind. No, no, the Eternall Wiſedome, created Man an excellent Creature, though hee faine would, vnmake himſelfe, and returne vnto nothing: And though hee ſeeke his felicity among the reaſonleſſe Wights, he hath fixed it aboue. Hee brought him into this world as a Maſter to a ſumptuous well-ordered and furniſhed Inne, a Prince to a populous and rich Empirie, a Pilgrime and Spectator to a Stage full of delightfull Wonders and wonderfull Delightes. And as ſome Emperour or great Monarch, when hee hath raiſed any ſtately City, the worke beeing atchieued, is wont to ſet his Image in the midſt of it, to bee admired and gazed vpon: No otherwiſe did the Soueraigne of this World, the Fabricke of it perfected, place Man (a great Miracle) formed to his owne Paterne, in the midſt of this ſpacious and admirable Citie, by the diuine ſplendor of his Reaſon to bee an Interpreter and Trunchman of his Creation, and admired and reuerenced by all his other Creatures. God containeth all

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in Him, as the beginning of all, Man containeth all in Him, as the midst of all; inferiour things bee in Man more noblie than they exist, superiour thinges more meanely, celestiall thinges fauour him, earthly thinges are vassaled vnto him, hee is the knot and Band of both; neither is it possible but that both of them haue peace with Man, if Man haue peace with Him who made the Couenant betweene them and Him. Hee was made that hee might in the Glasse of the World behold the infinite Goodnesse, Power, Magnificence, and Glorie of his Maker, and beholding know, and knowing Loue, and louing enioy, and to hold the Earth of him as of his Lord Paramount, neuer ceasing to remember and praise Him. It exceedeth the compasse of Conceit, to thinke that that Wisedome which made euerie thing so orderlie in the partes, should make a confusion in the whole, and the chiefe Master-piece; how bringing forth so manie excellencies for Man, it should bring forth *Man* for baseneſse and miserie. And no lesse strange were it, that so long life should bee giuen to Trees, Beastes, and the Birds of the Aire, Creatures inferiour to Man, which haue lesse vse of it, and which can not judge of this goodlie Fabricke, and that it should bee denyed to Man: Vnlesse there were another manner of liuing prepared for him, in a Place more noble and excellent.

But alas! (said I) had it not beene better that for the good of his Countrie A ( ) endued with so many peerlesse Giftes, had yet liued vpon Earth: How long will yee (replyed hee) like the Ants, thinke there are no fairer Palaces, than their Hills; or like to pore-blind Moles, no greater light, than that little which they shunne? As if the Maister of a Campe, knew not when to remoue a Sentinell, and Hee who placeth Man on the Earth, knew not how

long hee had neede of him? Life is a Gouernement and Office, wherein Man is ſo long continued, as it pleaſeth the Inſtaller of the adminiſtration and charge of vvhich, and what hath paſſed during the tyme of his Reſidence, hee muſt render an account, ſo ſoone as his Tearme expyreth, and hee hath made Roome for others. As mens Bodies differ in ſtature, which none can make more long or ſhort after their deſire; So doe they varie in that length of Tyme which is appointed for them to liue vpon the Earth. That Prouidence which preſcriueth Cauſes to euerie Euent, hath not onlie determined a definite & certaine number of dayes, but of actions, to all men, which they can-not goe beyond.

Moſt ( ) then (anſwered I) Death is not ſuch an euill and paine, as it is of the Vulgare eſteemed. Death (ſaid hee) nor painefull is, nor euill (except in contemplation of the cauſe) beeing of it ſelfe as in-different as Birth; Yet can it not bee denyed, but amidſt thoſe Dreames of earthlie pleaſures, the vncouthneſſe of it, with the wrong apprehenſion of what is vnknowne in it, are noyſome; But the Soule ſuſtained by its Maker, reſolued, and calmlie retired in it ſelfe, doeth find that Death (ſith it is in a moment of Time) is but a ſhort, nay, ſweete Sigh; and is not worthie the remembrance, compared with the ſmalleſt dram of the infinite Felicitie of this Place. Heere is the Palace Royall of the Almightie King, in which the vncomprehenſible comprehenſiblie manifeſteth Himſelfe; in Place higheſt, in Subſtance not ſubject to any corruption or change, for it is aboue all motion, and ſolide turneth not; in Quantitie greateſt, for, if one Starre, one Spheare bee ſo vaſt, how large, how hudge in exceeding demenſions, muſt thoſe boundes bee, which doe them

them all containe? In Qualitie moſt pure and Orient, Heauen heere is all but a Sunne, or the Sunne all but a Heauen. If to Earthlinges the Foote-ſtoole of God, and that Stage which Hee raiſed for a ſmall courſe of Tyme, ſeemeth ſo Glorious and Magnificent; How highlie would They prize (if they could ſee) his eternall Habitation and Throne? and if theſe bee ſo dazeling, what is the ſight of Him, for whom, and by whom all was created? of whoſe Glory to behold the thouſand thouſand part, the moſt pure Intelligences are fully ſatiate, and with wonder and delight reſt amazed; for the Beauty of His light & the Light of his Beauty are vncomprehenſible. Heere doth that earneſt appetite of the Vnderſtanding, content it ſelfe, not ſeeking to know any more; For it ſeeth before it, in the viſion of the Diuine eſſence (a Mirour in the which not Images or ſhadowes, but the true and perfect Eſſence of euery thing created, is more cleare and conſpicuous, than in it ſelfe) all that is knowne or vnderſtood: And where as on Earth our ſenſes ſhow vs the Creator by his Creatures, heere wee ſee the Creatures by the Creator. Heere doth the Will pauſe it ſelfe, as in the Center of its eternall reſt, glowing with a feruent Affection of that infinite and all-ſufficient Good; which beeing fully knowne, cannot (for the infinite motiues and cauſes of loue which are in Him) but bee fully and perfectly loued: As hee is onely true and eſſentiall Bountie ſo is Hee onelie eſſentiall and true Beauty, deſeruing alone all loue and admiration, by which the Creatures are onely in ſo much faire and excellent, as they participate of his Beauty and excelling Excellencies. Heere is a bleſſed Company, euery one ioying as much in anothers Felicity, as in that which is proper, becauſe each ſeeth

another equallie loued of God; Thus their distinct joyes are no fewer, than the Co-partners of the joye: And as the Assemblie is in number answerable to the large capacitie of the Place, so are the Ioyes answerable to the numberlesse number of the Assemblie. No poore and pittifull Mortall, confined on the Globe of Earth, who hath neuer seene but Sorrow, or interchangablie some painted superficiall Pleasures, and had but Guesses of contentment, can rightlie thinke on, or be sufficient to conceiue the tearmelesse Delightes, of this Place. So manie Feathers moue not on Birdes, so manie Birds dint not the Aire, so manie Leaues tremble not on Trees, so manie Trees grow not in the solitarie Forestes, so manie Waues turne not in the Ocean, and so manie graines of Sand limit not those Waues; as this triumphant Court hath varietie of Delights, and Ioyes exempted from all comparison. Happinesse at once heere is fullie knowne and fullie enjoyed, and as infinite in continuance as extent. Heere is flourishing and neuer-fading Youth without Age, Strength without Weaknesse, Beautie neuer blasting, Knowledge without Learning, Aboundance without Lothing, Peace without Disturbance, Participation without Enuy, Rest without Labour, Light without rising or setting Sunne, Perpetuitie without Momentes, for Time (which is the Measure of Motion) did neuer enter in this shining Eternitie. Ambition, Disdaine, Malice, difference of Opinions, can not approach this Place, resembling those foggie mists, which couer those Lists of sublunarie things. All Pleasure, paragon'd with vvhat is heere, is paine, all Mirth Mourning, all Beautie Deformitie: Here one dayes abiding is aboue the continuing in the most fortunate Estate on the Earth manie yeeres, and sufficient to conteruaile

teruaile the extreameſt tormentes of Life. But, although this Bliſſe of Soules bee great, and their Ioyes many, yet ſhall they admit addition, and bee more full and perfect, at that long wiſhed and generall Reunion with their Bodies.

Amongſt all the wonders of the great Creator, not one appeareth to bee more wonderfull, nor more dazell the Eye of Reaſon (replied I) than that our Bodies ſhould ariſe, hauing ſuffered ſo manie changes, and Nature denying a returne from Privation to a Habit.

Such power (ſaid hee) beeing aboue all that that the Vnderſtanding of Man can conceaue, may well worke ſuch wonders; For, if Mans vnderſtanding could comprehend all the Secrets & Counſelles of that Eternall Maieſtie it would of neceſſity bee equall vnto it. The Author of Nature, is not thralled to the Lawes of Nature, but worketh with them, or contrarie to them, as it pleaſeth Him: What Hee hath a will to doe, Hee hath power to performe. To that Power, which brought all this round *All* from nought, to bring againe in one inſtant any Subſtance which euer was into it, vnto what it was once, ſhould not be thought impoſſible; For, who can doe more, can doe leſſe: and His power is no leſſe, after that which was by Him brought forth is decayed & vaniſhed, than it was before it was produced; beeing neither reſtrained to certaine limits, or Inſtrumentes, or to any determinate and definite manner of working: where the power is without reſtraint, the work admitteth no other limits, than the workers will. This VVorld is as a Cabinet to GOD, in which the ſmall things (how euer to vs hid & ſecret) are nothing leſſe keeped, than the great. For, as Hee was wiſe and powerfull to create, ſo doth His Knowledge comprehend His own Creation; yea, euery change and variety in it, of which

it is the verie Source. Not any Atome of the ſcattered Duſt of Mankinde, though dayly flowing vnder new Formes, is to him vnknowne; and His Knowledge doth diſtinguiſh and diſcerne, what once His power ſhall awake and raiſe vp. Why may not the Arts-maſter of the World, like a Molder, what hee hath framed in diuers Shapes, confound in one Maſſe, and then ſeuerally faſhion them againe out of the ſame? Can the Spagericke by his Arte reſtore for a ſpace to the dry and withered Roſe, the naturall Purple and Bluſh: And cannot the Almightie raiſe and refine the body of Man, after neuer ſo many alterations in the Earth? Reaſon her ſelfe findes it more poſſible for infinite power, to caſt out from it ſelfe a finite world, and reſtore any thing in it, though decayed and diſſolued, to what it was firſt; than for Man a finit peece of reaſonable miſerie, to change the forme of matter made to his hand: the power of God neuer brought forth all that it can, for then were it bounded and no more infinit. That Time doth approach (O haſte yee Times away) in which the Dead ſhall liue, and the Liuing bee changed, and of all actions the Guerdon is at hand; Then ſhall their bee an end without an end, Time ſhall finiſh, and Place ſhall bee altered, Motion yeelding vnto Reſt, and another World of an Age eternall and vnchangeable ſhall ariſe: Which when Hee had ſaid (mee thought) Hee vaniſhed, and I all aſtoniſhed did awake.

On the Report of the Death of the Author.

IF that were true, which whiſpered is by Fame,
That Damons *light no more on Earth doth burne,*
His Patron Phœbus *phyſicke would diſclame,*
And cloath'd in clowds as earſt for Phaeton *mourne?*

Yea, Fame *by this had got ſo deepe a Wound,*
That ſcarce Shee could haue power to tell his Death,
Her Wings cutte ſhort; who could her Trumpet ſound,
Whoſe Blaze of late was nurc't but by His breath?

That Spirit of His which moſt with mine was free,
By mutuall trafficke enterchanging Store,
If chac'd from Him it would haue com'd to mee,
Where it ſo oft familiare was before.

Some ſecret Griefe diſtempering firſt my Minde,
Had (though not knowing) made mee feele this loſſe:
A Sympathie had ſo our Soules combind,
That ſuch a parting both at once would toſſe.

Though ſuch Reportes to others terrour giue,
Thy heauenly Vertues who did neuer ſpie,
I know, Thou, that canſt make the dead to liue,
Immortall art, and needes not feare to die.

Sir William Alexander.

To S. W. A.

THough I haue twice beene at the Doores of *Death*,
And twice found ſhoote thoſe Gates which euer
This but a lightning is, Truce tane to Breath, (mourne,
For late borne Sorrowes augure fleete returne.

Amidſt thy ſacred Cares, and courtlie Toyles,
Alexis, when thou ſhalt heare wandring Fame
Tell, *Death* hath triumph'd o're my mortall Spoyles,
And that on Earth I am but a ſad Name;

If thou e're helde mee deare, by all our Loue,
By all that Bliſſe, thoſe loyes Heauen heere vs gaue,
I conjure Thee, and by the Maides of *Ioue*,
To graue this ſhort Remembrance on my Graue.
Heere *Damon* lyes, whoſe Songes did ſometime grace
The murmuring *Eske*, may Roſes ſhade the place.

To the Memorie of the *moſt excellent Ladie*, Iane Counteſſe of *Perth*.

THis Beautie, which pale *Death* in Duſt did turne,
And cloſ'd ſo ſoone within a Coffin ſad,
Did paſſe like Lightning, like to Thunder burne;
So little Life ſo much of Worth it had!

Heauens but to ſhow their Might heere made it ſhine,
And when admir'd, then in the Worlds Diſdaine
(O Teares, O Griefe!) did call it backe againe,
Leſt Earth ſhould vaunt Shee kept what was Diuine.

What can wee hope for more? what more enjoy?
Sith faireſt Things thus ſooneſt haue their End;
And, as on Bodies Shadowes doe attend,
Sith all our Bliſſe is follow'd with Annoy?
Shee is not dead, Shee liues where ſhee did loue,
Her Memorie on Earth, Her Soule aboue.

To the obsequies of the *blessed Prince*, IAMES, King of great Britaine.

LEt holie *Dauid*, *Salomon* the Wise,
That King, Whose Brest *Ægeria* did inflame,
Augustus, *Helenes* Sonne, Great in all Eyes,
Doe Homage low to thy mausolean Frame;
And bow before thy Laurell Anadeame
Let all Those sacred Swannes, which to the Skies
By neuer-dying Layes haue rais'd their Name,
From North to South, where Sunne doth set and rise.

Religion, orphan'd, waileth o're thine Vrne;
Out *Iustice* weepes her Eyes, now truely Blind;
In *Niobès* the remnant *Vertues* turne:
Fame, but to blaze thy Glories, liues behind.
The World, which late was Golden by thy Breath,
Is Iron turn'd, and horrid by thy Death.

A TABLE OF THE Hymnes and Sonnetes, with *their Argumentes.*

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